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LIFE'S MORNING.

BY FRANCES.

Where are the long sunny days
That pass'd without cloud or shade,—
Those days of my early youth,
When trifles such happiness made?

A stroll through the fields at morn,
A present of flowers or fruit,
A tale read 'neath shady trees,
A sweet song from lips now mute.

Quickly those cherish'd hours
On rapid pinions sped;
Friends, lover, youth and happiness
With those bright days have fled!

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS raining heavily—raining with a hard, steady persistency. All was dull, misty, gray, the dulness and grayness intensified by the fact that the twilight of a November day was rapidly approaching.

The scene was not a pleasant one. In summer perhaps the uninteresting strip of country might have been endurable; but on this day, with a sad leaden sky, dripping, leafless trees, with cart-ruts ankle deep in mud, and an almost unlimited expanse of turnip fields before his eyes, the whole neighborhood seemed to the solitary foot passenger who was moving slowly along the winding lane as uninviting as an English landscape can possibly look in bad weather.

The pedestrian was a tall man, but apparently too slenderly built for his height. He wore a long macintosh coat; the flaps of his cloth cap were drawn closely over his ears.

As he strode along with the gait of a man accustomed to tramp long distances, the rain drops glistened on his long black moustache and on the small portmanteau he carried.

There was nothing very attractive in the expression of his face; but perhaps he found his surroundings hardly conducive to good temper.

He tramped on through the slush with the air of one performing a thoroughly distasteful duty.

There was no anticipatory sparkle in his sombre deep set eyes: evidently he did not expect anything at his journey's end which would reward him for his present discomfort.

At last he emerged from the apparently endless lane, and found himself confronting a sign post set up for the enlightenment of wayfarers, and from which four roads branched.

He read the inscriptions on the three arms pointing away from the route he had traversed.

They were as follows:

"Dunning, eight miles," "Great Marchfield, three miles," "Little Marchfield, one mile."

With a muttered, "Be thankful for small mercies," he struck into the dreary lane which, according to the sign post, would lead him to Little Marchfield, and at length found himself, at the end of what seemed a rather long mile, at the door of a small inn, with a village street stretching away to his right.

The inn looked melancholy and deserted: its sign board creaked drearily in the wind.

The door was closed; and the stranger stood still for a few seconds, undecided as to whether he should pause here and inquire his way, or tramp on.

Not a living soul was to be seen; and at last, the traveller's patience becoming exhausted, he pushed open the door of the "Blue Boar," and went in.

The rain outside, he thought, was almost preferable to the atmosphere within. The air was thick with the vilest of tobacco-smoke and redolent of reeking coats and the fumes of the spirit.

The entire male population of Little Marchfield seemed to have betaken themselves to "Blue Boar" for solace in this depressing weather, and at least twenty pairs of dull and bleared eyes stared through the gloomy obscurity at the new arrival.

"Phew!" The young man puffed contemptuously in a vain endeavor to get rid of the unpleasant odor which assailed his nostrils.

Then, gradually becoming more accustomed to the gloom, he made his way slowly to the bar, behind which stood the landlord—the only person present who did not seem oppressed with care; and no wonder, for he was doing a "roaring" trade that afternoon.

"Good day, sir! What can I do for you, sir?" he asked, instantly taking note of the fact that the new comer was no native of those parts.

The stranger ordered some hot whiskey and water; and, as he drunk it, leaning against the bar and scanning the vacant faces round him with a contemptuous cynicism, he inquired:

"Do you know where Mrs. Iredell's house lies?"

"Yessir—very well, sir. She's just taken the Nunnery."

"Ah! Can you direct me to the Nunnery?"

"Yessir, of course. Which way have you come, sir?"

"From Thelford."

"Ah, then you've come farther than you need, sir. The Nunnery ain't quite so far as the village. If you go back a bit of the way you've come, and take the first turning to your right, it'll take you there."

"How far is it?"

"Near half a mile, sir. My boy'll carry your portmanteau for sixpence."

"All right!" said the young man, with a sigh of relief. "Tell him to come on now, will you?"

"Yessir. Bill, where are yer?"

"Down cellar!"

"Come up, then, ye young limb, and carry a gent's portmanteau up to the Nunnery for him!"

A smile crossed the features of the stranger as he roused himself to follow his young guide.

"You'll find the ladies very well, sir," observed the landlord, as he rapped his guest's change cheerily upon the old wooden counter.

The young man did not reply, but, as he made his way out of the inn and once more presented a bold front to the storm, he said to himself—

"The ladies? I know only of one. Has he directed me to the wrong place; or what can my mother's last idea be?"

He sighed impatiently as he followed his little guide along the fast darkening lane. He was depressed—and he had reason to be.

When a man has worked like a slave at work that is uncongenial to him in the sole hope of being able one day to surround an idolised mother with every comfort, and when, after years of patient and unremitting labor, he awakes one morning to find himself ruined, the world can, scarcely wear a smiling aspect for him.

Look which way he would, life seemed unutterably dreary; and surely this particular spot in which Mrs. Iredell had chosen to establish herself was scarcely calculated to raise his spirits.

The thought of seeing his mother after an eight years' absence had caused him to leave London that morning with mingled feelings of ecstasy and despair—ecstasy, because he loved her dearly and yearned to behold her—despair, because he had brought back with him to England the miserable consciousness of failure and disappointment.

Now the joy seemed to have gone from his heart, leaving only gnawing regret behind.

This dull miserable stagnation, this awful living grave in the provinces, were what his beautiful young mother had been forced to endure for the whole eight years of his absence; she had endured uncomplainingly, while writing to him playful, cheery letters of her pigs, her poultry, her flower garden, of the kindness of the Rector's wife, and of how she was qualifying herself to come out and superintend the household of a Manitoba farmer.

And he was going back to her almost penniless to begin the world afresh.

Oh, how he hated it all! How he longed to cut the knot of his difficulties by leaving a world where, as it seemed to him in his present mood, every one was either a dupe or a swindler.

If ever a man had patiently put aside his own hopes, views and ambitions—if ever a man had lived a life of self-denial for one woman's sake—he was that man; and his reward had been to see himself beggared by treachery.

Such were his feelings as he stood at last before the white gate of a quaint-looking house the outline of which loomed indistinctly through the fast gathering night. He started as his guide informed him in broadest Suffolk dialect that this was the Nunnery.

Dismissing the boy with a "Good night" and a sixpence, he halted a minute to gaze at the little domain that he was about to enter.

Over the gate was a beautiful Gothic archway, evidently a remnant of the Nunnery itself.

Beyond the archway was a neat gravel drive, bounded on one side by a fine bit of old wall with lancet windows still in fair preservation, and on the other by a clump of shrubs.

The house of itself was modern, as far as could be seen—a low house with a bay window on each side of the porch—not a poverty stricken house by any means.

The new-comer, with his accurate knowledge of the amount of Mrs. Iredell's income, was puzzled, and thought that he must have come to the wrong place. He had certainly never heard of his mother's house being called the Nunnery.

With hesitating steps he walked up the sodden drive, the gravel clinging to his muddy boots.

A glow of fire and lamp light streamed around cheerily through one of the windows, and, as he approached, he suddenly heard a burst of song.

He paused, spell bound, as the notes of a fine toned piano, touched by a masterly hand, reached his ear, and, after a brief prelude, a contralto rang out, singing the most weird music he had ever heard.

Out in the wilds of Manitoba this man had been utterly debarred from an enjoyment which was almost an absolute necessity to his sensitive organization.

His every nerve tingled, forgetful of the rain which still beat persistently upon him he remained motionless, almost breathless, listening intently.

It was music that was utterly strange to him, the words were in a language which he did not understand; but, for all that, the meaning of the music was unmistakable to his senses.

It was a farewell—an agonized farewell—the farewell of a woman whose heart was breaking.

It stirred his own to its inmost depths, and almost made him tremble as the magical notes died away. It was Wagner's music, and the listener, standing there in the rain, had never heard a bar of the composer's works before.

It bewildered him—thrilled him—bewitched him; he remained oblivious of everything else until suddenly it died away, and in the silence that followed, the cheerless patter of the rain became audible once more.

Then a hand hastily drew back the blind and a bright handsome face—the head crowned with coils of black hair—looked out into the night—the face of a lady in an evening dress of dark blue velvet which left bare a white throat—the face—unchanged since he last saw it—of his beloved and well-remembered mother.

With a hoarse exclamation, he waved his hand to her in the darkness, and heard an answering cry from within as the blind fell, hiding the pretty picture.

Hurriedly he stumbled forward, and as he reached the threshold a flood of lamplight streamed out, and in the doorway stood his mother with arms held out in welcome.

"My boy—my darling! Come in, Cuthbert—come in! We had quite given you up."

Scarcely knowing what he did, he flung down his portmanteau, pulled off his dripping mackintosh, and clasped her to his breast. Her head just reached her tall son's shoulder, and there it rested while she burst into tears of joy, feeling the strong comforting grasp of his long arms around her.

"Bless you, mother dear—bless you!" was all that Cuthbert could trust himself to say.

"Oh, my boy—my own, own darling boy!"

It was some minutes before the young man realised that the rain was driving in furiously upon his mother's dainty dress, and then he roused himself and shut the door.

While he was removing his dripping cap his mother, leaning against the corner of the staircase, looked at him yearningly.

"Is it really you?" she cried rapturously. "Let me look at you, Cuthbert. Turn your face to the lamp. You are altered! Oh, my dear, I don't believe I should have known you till I heard your voice! Nobody could mistake that. Ah, but it is the same face—my own dear ugly old pet—my own!"

"You are not altered," said Cuthbert earnestly, his hands on her shoulders. "You are the same beautiful young mother whom I left!"

"You foolish darling!" she exclaimed. "How sweet it is to listen to your flatteries again—how good to have you once more."

"Is it?" he said, with sudden gravity. "You are very good to say so, mother dear. I have no right to expect such a welcome. A ruined man, without a prospect in the world, I am ashamed to face you."

She placed her hands on his lips.

"Cuthbert, hush! How dare you speak so to your mother? You are not to mention the subject this evening, but come in and get warmed and dried and fed at once. We had quite given up expecting you to-night. Come in!"

"Mother"—he laid a detaining hand on her arm and spoke in a low tone—"what do you mean by *we*? Is any one staying with you?"

"My dear boy, did you not get my letter?"

"I don't think I can have received it. I had no idea you were living in a house called the Nunnery."

"Oh, my poor Cuthbert, what a state of mystification you must be in! Did you think I kept up this establishment on my insignificant income?"

"I could not make it out."

"No, no! I club funds with two friends of mine—ladies whom I met at Brighton this summer. They are well off, and like company; but, having lived abroad, they cannot manage English servants; so I do the housekeeping, and we get on capitally. I must introduce you."

"If I am to be introduced to ladies," returned her son, with a sigh of resignation, "I think I'll retire to my room first for a few minutes, mother darling."

"My own boy," she whispered, going up to him and putting her arms around his neck, "I am so sorry you are disappointed at not having me to yourself—it is very natural! I am vexed you did not get my letter, which would have prepared you."

"So am I; but I should be an ungrateful dog to complain. I think it's an excellent idea that you should have company—your life must have been so lonely! If you will show me my room, I shall be ready to make the ladies' acquaintance in half an hour.

CHAPTER II.

PUNCTUALLY at the end of half an hour Cuthbert Iredell opened the door of his cosy bed room and stepped out upon the landing.

The taste and comfort of his surroundings deeply impressed him. The house was not large, but it was evidently commodious. The staircase was in the centre, and around it was the spacious landing upon which the bed room opened. This landing was beautified as ladies of taste love to beautify their homes.

Assyrian curtains draped the window alcove, which was filled with a glass case containing ferns. Small tables were covered with china knick-knacks, and rose-colored shades softened the light of the lamp.

As the young man descended to the hall, he was thinking that some of his pity had been wasted. He heard the sound of light laughter as he reached the soft rug at the foot of the stairs.

Guided by the laugh, he turned the handle of the door nearest to him, and the next moment stood in the Norway drawing room.

It was one of the prettiest rooms he had ever seen. Besides the large bay-window which looked out upon the drive, a side-window, wide open, afforded a peep into a conservatory where one or two fairy lamps gleamed among maiden ferns.

At his left hand a magnificent grand piano stood open, a pile of music carelessly heaped upon it. Opposite to him was a wide marble fire place, where a huge wood fire glowed and sparkled.

On the fur hearth rug stood his mother, holding a palm-leaf screen between her face and the blaze. Close to her at the end of a comfortable lounge, sat a very stout elderly lady in black, with a red face, a double chin, and a profusion of gold ornaments.

At the other side of the fire, on a very low chair, sat a girl dressed in brown net. She was leaning forward, her elbow resting on her knee, her chin on her hand; her eyes were fixed upon the glowing heart of the fire.

Her attitude was characteristic; so were her dress and the bunch of scarlet ash-berries in her black hair. Her arms were bare—quite unadorned.

In his first glance around the room Iredell noticed the whiteness and beauty of those arms.

The pretty domestic tableau did not last a moment after his entrance. His mother had seen him, and came forward with a glad cry and outstretched hands.

"Here he is—my own dear son! Come here and be introduced to my friends—Faulein Korderitz and her neice—Miss Pierrepoint. This is my son, Fraulein, dear. Now please do not say you cannot believe it!"

"But I must say so!" exclaimed the good Fraulein, with an accent which left no doubt as to her nationality. "I never! You want to make me believe that great fellow your son! No, no! It is impossible!"

The young lady thus appealed to rose slowly from her seat, and Cuthbert saw with astonishment that she was nearly as tall as himself.

Her hair, of which she had but little, was coiled up on the top of her head with the most palpable carelessness, but with telling effect. Her mouth was large, her eyes were of a very bright shade of brown, contrasting strikingly with her dusky hair. Her complexion was dark, but clear, with a faint color in her cheeks.

Silently she stood on the rug, her eyes fixed upon Mrs. Iredell's son and noting every detail in his appearance.

She saw a tall slender man with a fine head and a face which, though it could never be called handsome, possessed that far greater attraction, in the eyes of a woman, of being what is known as "an interesting face."

The eyes were very dark and bright, the eyebrows were well defined, and the skin was tanned by constant exposure. The black hair would have been curly had the young man not had it cropped so closely.

The nose was thin and hooked, the mouth quite hidden by a heavy raven-black moustache.

Notwithstanding his height, Mr. Iredell possessed a certain grace, and, as to nervousness, he evidently did not know the feeling.

He was as collected and calm as if he had been accustomed all his life to frequent boudoirs—in fact, Miss Pierrepoint could almost have fancied that she saw an ironical smile lurking beneath his moustache.

At last the young lady turned to Cuthbert's mother and said—

"He is not in the least like you, Mrs. Iredell."

"Oh, it's too bad of you both!" cried the mother, clasping her white hands round her son's arm as if to implore protection. "You make me doubt my own son's identity, for he is entirely altered since I last saw him. I hardly knew him myself! Cuthbert, you are really Cuthbert?"

"How will you trust me?" he answered smiling down at her with good humored manly tolerance. "You had better put me through an examination respecting the days of my childhood. On which side of the fire place was the window in my old nursery at Caroiside, or whereabouts in the great hall stood the gong that used to sound for prayers? I could answer such questions accurately enough, I fancy."

The tears rushed into Mrs. Iredell's eyes. With a passionate movement she hid her face against her son's sleeve.

"Oh, Cuthbert, I beg you won't talk to me of Caroiside!" she cried piteously.

"I am very sorry, mother dear; I had no idea the memory was still so painful," he answered gently, laying his hand reassuringly over her own.

At the same instant a bell rang, and raising her head with a sudden, almost childish transition of feeling, she cried—

"How fortunate! Come, Cuthbert, my poor, starving boy, and have something to eat. Olive dear, show Cuthbert to the dining room."

"I hope, Miss Pierrepoint that you will forgive my not appearing in evening dress, said the young man gravely as he offered her his arm. "The fact is, I tramped it from the station here, and brought only a small portmanteau, leaving my heavy luggage to the care of to-morrow's carrier."

"Please do not talk like that to me; I am only too proud to be in the society of such a traveller," answered Olive Pierrepoint as she let her hand rest on his arm and conducted him to the pretty dining room, whence came a savory odor most grateful to the hungry wayfarer.

The table was daintily spread; the lack of flowers was supplied by moss, berries, and tinted leaves most artistically arranged with a few ferns; and before the sideboard stood two neat maids in charming mob-caps and frilled aprons.

The soup soon revealed the fact that the cook was no novice; and the young man began to feel that he was now in "clover." The ladies artfully chatted among themselves during the first two courses, to allow of Cuthbert's sharp hunger being slightly appeased, and it was not till his plate was plentifully supplied with roast meat and his glass filled with excellent bitter ale that Miss Pierrepoint turned to him and asked with her strange eyes fixed on his face—

"Did you come from London to-day, Mr. Iredell?"

"Yes—straight from London."

"Mrs. Iredell received your telegram, but you forgot to say by which train you would come, or I would have sent the pony carriage to meet you."

"You are very kind. I was not certain which train I should be able to catch."

"How long did you stay in London?"

"About six hours."

"Indeed! I wonder, after so long an absence from England, you could tear yourself away so soon."

"London presents few attractions, Miss Pierrepoint, to a man who has no money to spend there." He spoke very simply and quite as a matter of course. He had lived too long out of England to regard poverty as a social crime.

Olive's eyes sparkled as they met his.

"Oh, if you could know how I admire you!" she said, in a low tone. "Mrs. Iredell has told us all about—how the very man whose you had saved forged your name and absconded with all your savings. You are a hero, Mr. Iredell!"

"I am sure," said Cuthbert, pulling his moustache, "you are very kind to say so; but you must have a large list of heroes if you include men like me."

"I have not at all a large list. I hate the ordinary kind of hero, of whom every one talks, and who is invited and feted everywhere. It must be easy to do a fine thing if you are sure that everybody will hear of it. It is the hidden heroes that I admire—men like you, whose names are unknown to history."

"I really cannot find words to thank you," Cuthbert said, smiling; "but I still fail to see my own claims to heroism. I do certainly feel as if I had been treated badly, and a little inclined to rave against mankind in general, and Mr. Edmund Ducane in particular; but I don't feel at all heroic."

"What—when you entered a burning house, which nobody else dared approach, to rescue a man whom you had grave reason to distrust—a man who never missed an opportunity of injuring you!"

"In moments of danger like that, Miss Pierrepoint, I am glad to say that I think most people show at their best. One does not reflect—one simply acts. I should have been a wretched coward if I had not made the attempt; and I got off scot-free except for that;" and he exhibited a hand and wrist much scarred, the effect of a comparatively recent burn.

The girl shuddered.

"Oh, aunt, look there!" she cried, addressing the good Fraulein, whose attention was just concentrated on her dinner.

Cuthbert slipped his hand under the table, but his mother caught it and held it firmly.

"You poor old darling!" she said impetuously, and kissed it.

The young man was silent, deeply annoyed that he should seem to have paraded the result of his exploit.

"Oh, my boy, what awful things those prairie fires must be!" exclaimed Mrs. Iredell.

"You would say so if you saw one. There seems no reason why the flames should not sweep steadily on right across the continent. One feels a perfect pigmy—utterly powerless to check the progress of such a conflagration. The sight of it bearing down upon one's homestead is simply heart rending. I never took my clothes off for three days and three nights during that awful time. We were working in gangs, struggling frantically to cut away the grass in the track of the fire. But the hopeless part of it is that, when you think you have thoroughly checked it, the wind frequently veers round, and off goes the flame along a track of country which you have not been able to clear. There was one poor fellow, with a wife and eight children, who had been farming out there twelve years. He had to look on and see every stick he possessed consumed. It makes one heart sick to recall the mere memory of it. I hope I may never feel again as I did when I stood among the crowd and the wind veered round and drove the flames straight along down upon my shanty. It was one of the prettiest shanties in Manitoba; there were bits of furniture in it which had taken me months to make. We could not save a single chair; it was all we could do to get out the beasts."

The recollection of it all had carried the usually silent man out of himself. He spoke with quiet force, choosing his words well, and contriving to put the scene vividly before the three ladies.

On suddenly meeting the eyes of Miss Pierrepoint fixed upon him with intense interest, he broke off abruptly in his narration.

"Do I alarm you, Miss Pierrepoint?" he asked, with a smile.

She made a little tragic motion with her hands.

"It was so awful—so alarming—to think of all the fearful risks men run in the Colonies, while we in England lie so calmly in our beds and live our luxurious, easy lives. To think of you sitting here by us so naturally, and then to realize how often you have faced death! It inspires me with a great admiration for you!"

"My dear Olive, that is a strange admission!" remarked Fraulein von Koderitz.

"I accept it in the sense in which Miss Pierrepoint meant it, and I thank her for her sympathy," said Mr. Iredell, bowing gravely to his fair neighbor who blushed and remained silent.

"And that hateful Ducane—how long afterwards was it that he forged your name?" asked Mrs. Iredell.

"About three weeks after that. I had managed to insure myself for a small amount at an office in Winnipeg. He waited till the insurance money was paid in the bank, and then drew out the lot. The sudden strain caused by all the men drawing out all the savings almost simultaneously was too much for the bank, and it suspended payment; so I never recovered a penny."

"I wonder!" burst out Miss Pierrepoint suddenly, "how you feel about that man Ducane? If I were in your place," and she struck the table with her hand, "I should not be able to rest until I had thrashed him! My fingers would tingle to be at his throat! Is not that how you feel about him?"

There was rather a cynical smile on the dark face of Cuthbert Iredell as he answered her.

"I am by no means a saint, Miss Pierrepoint, anymore than I am the hero, I fear, that you think me; and I never forget."

CHAPTER III.

"Is she not handsome?" whispered Mrs. Iredell to Cuthbert, as, at the close of dinner, Miss Pierrepoint and her aunt disappeared, leaving the mother and son together.

"Very handsome, if you mean Miss Pierrepoint—handsome in a most unusual style. Come here, mother, and sit close beside me, I want to talk to you."

She rose, wheeled a large chair to the fire, established her son in it, and seated herself beside him. Then, laying her pretty hand on his forehead she turned his face towards her and gazed earnestly at him.

"Cuthbert," she said, "you remind me of your father."

"Mother," he replied, "that is the first time in all my life that you have mentioned my father's name to me without my starting the subject."

A flush rose to her cheeks; but she tried to treat the matter lightly.

"You are very like him," she said. "When I threw open the door to night, you sprang in and caught me in your arms, it reminded me so terribly of old times that I nearly fainted. As you seized me impetuously and held me to you and kissed me—your very kiss is his—I could hardly persuade myself that it was not the first Cuthbert Iredell that was there as in days gone by! What has made you grow so much like him? I used to think you very different and—give thanks that it was so; but now you have same movement of eye and mouth, the same mannerisms; and you look much older than your age, Cuthbert—more like five-and-thirty than eight-and-twenty, my darling. Your father was five-and-thirty when I first saw him."

The son's eyes were fixed curiously upon his mother as she spoke, watching her keenly.

She was a very handsome woman, farmore than her son would ever be as a man. She had small regular features, a clear complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair which was still glossy and abundant.

One would have said at the first glance that she was a woman who had never known care; but, after a prolonged study of her face, a different opinion would have been formed. Two thin sharp lines in the white brow—not always discernable when the face was at rest, but appearing with the least movement of the features—told of trouble; and the expression of the mouth was infinitely sad when Mrs. Iredell was neither laughing no talking. Usually she was doing both; but there were moments when she sat alone—quite alone—her only company was her own thoughts, and then the expression was almost painful.

As a boy well versed in the classics but not by any means an adept in the study of woman, Cuthbert had never noticed these signs.

Not one of them now escaped him. He was looking at his mother with different eyes, and rapidly forming his own impression of her, aided in his efforts by her agitated words respecting his father, the first that he ever remembered to have heard from her on the subject.

He gazed at her fixedly for a few minutes, and at last said—

"Where did you first meet my father, mother?"

"My dear boy," she answered in a reluctant tone, as if it were a subject she did not care much to touch upon, "I think I have told you before. I met him at the seaside."

"Just give me the main facts of your meeting; refresh you memory. I forgot much in Manitoba."

"Then forget all the rest, my dearest boy. There is nothing in my foolish little love-story worth remembering."

"But if I say I care very much to hear it?"

"My boy have we not other and pressing matters to talk of, without raking up, on this, your first night at home, memoirs of nearly thirty years ago?"

"At home! Am I at home? I hardly feel as though I were," said the young man looking around with a somewhat mirthless smile. "Have you occupied this house long, mother?"

"Just two months. Is it not pretty? My last house was so dull and small. The change and the companionship have been a great source of delight to me, and so far all goes well."

"I am glad to hear it. Who is this Miss Pierrepoint?"

"She is the daughter of an Englishman who married a German lady. They were very badly off, and this girl, who has a magnificent voice—you should hear it!—was trained in Germany for the operatic stage—in fact, I believe she did sing once or twice when, all at once, a rich old man who was in love with her died suddenly, bequeathing her all his money—a nice little income. Of course she gave up the stage and came to live in England, which she much prefers to Germany."

"Shows her taste, I should say," observed Cuthbert.

"Then you too are glad to be back in England, dearest?"

"Glad, and sorry too—glad to be in England, bitterly disappointed to have brought only failure with me. Mother, what am I to do? When I left college and went out to that hateful farming, I knew it was a desperate venture. But it seemed just a chance flung in my way—an avenue opened out to me for helping you. Well, it has failed; I am here a ruined man, spoilt I rather think, for anything but the wild life of adventure which I have just been living. What am I to do?"

"You are to attend to a son's first duty—obey your mother," said Mrs. Iredell fondly, stroking his hand as she spoke; "and that mother forbids your even alluding to the subject of £ s. d., to your failure, or to your prospects, for a month at least. You shall do nothing but rest, and be petted and made much of by us women, who are worth very little if we cannot manage to delude one poor man among us. There—you know the awful future in store for you Will you come into the drawing room now, and allow us to begin the treatment?"

He smiled, much amused at this truly feminine mode of shirking difficulties.

"I am half inclined to think you may be right," he said. "I believe I could take a clearer view of things after a month spent in some one else's society. But can you really put me up for so long?"

"You are my guest for the next month," she returned, with triumph. "My dear boy, I don't wish unduly to exalt your opinion of yourself, but don't you see that a man in the house is a perfect godsend to three lonely women like us?"

"You are very good," he said, laughing in a quiet self-contained way that seemed natural to him. "And now let us go into the drawing-room and see if we can induce Miss Pierrepoint to repeat that marvellous song she was singing as I came up the drive."

"Did you hear her? Is not her singing superb?" questioned his mother eagerly.

"Superb? I thought she could scarcely be an Englishwoman with a voice like that! It went straight to my heart."

Mrs. Iredell made no reply, but her eyes glistened, for she was a match-maker at heart.

Cuthbert rose, and, crossing the room, laid his hand upon the door; then suddenly he turned round and put a question to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "what do you know of Gervase Cumnor?"

Mrs. Iredell was in the act of placing one of her choice decanters in the cellaret, a smile of pleasure still lingering on her lips at her son's words the smile suddenly vanished, her features hardened, the two lines between her brows become painfully distinct, and she hesitated, turning her face towards Cuthbert and gazing at him blankly.

"Whom did you say?" she asked in a frightened way.

"I asked you what you knew of Gervase Cumnor?"

"Of whom?"

"Of Gervase Cumnor?" He repeated the name with quiet insistence.

His mother seemed to rally a little.

"What should I know of such a person? What do you mean?" she demanded nervously, closing the cellaret door as she spoke.

"Mother," he said, in a sharp pained tone, "why in the world should you try to make mysteries between us? I see well enough that the name is familiar to you; why hesitate to tell me what you know of him? Who is he?"

"Oh, Cuthbert, I don't think it is kind of you, this very first night we are together, to recall what are to me only painful memoirs! The Cumnors are the people who have Caroloide; they came into it on your father's death. I implore you not to spoil all my delight at seeing you again by talk of them now, let me have this one evening quite happy, untroubled by any dreadful remembrance of that unhappy past." She stepped across the room to him and took hold of his coat, raising her face appealingly to his; then suddenly she started away from him. "Oh, Cuthbert," she cried, "you are so terribly like your father!"

She was shivering violently. Her son stepped with a quick gesture of compassion and took her hand.

"Forgive me, mother dear—I was very inconsiderate," he said; "but, remember, if you keep me so completely in the dark about things, it is impossible for me to know what topics may be painful to you. For to-night let us forget it all and be happy. I will not bother you with any more questions; but I must make this stipulation—at the first fitting moment you must tell me the whole story of my birth, of my father's death, and why these Cumnors inherit Caroloide and not I."

"Yes, yes, my darling boy, I promise you; you shall know all if you insist upon it. Of course you have a right to know everything; but you would be far happier, Cuthbert, if you did not insist on knowing. Cannot you be happy in your ignorance? Could you not make up your mind to be content as you are?"

"No, dear," he answered firmly. "In this world a man's status depends a good deal on what his father was. I shall go through life far more certain of my position when I know definitely how my father lived and died."

Her face, as she watched him, expressed keen pain; tears gathered in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, Cuthbert dear, don't force me to tell you!" she cried, and burst into bitter weeping.

A deep flush suffused Iredell's face as he took his sobbing mother to his breast.

"Is it so?" he asked, in a stifled voice. "Have I come home to England ruined, only to hear that disgrace is my portion too? Mother, I have always believed what you told me—that my father met his death accidentally. You cannot mean——"

"No, no, no!" she cried vehemently. "That is true—quite true! As I live, his death was accidental; it must have been—I know it was! Oh, Cuthbert, do not compel me to tell you the rest now!"

"No!" he said controlling himself with an effort. "I must wait, I suppose. But it is hard to be content when the shadow of unknown disgrace hangs over one."

"I will tell you to-morrow, Cuthbert; I promise you that I will."

"To-morrow be it then," he agreed reluctantly, as he held open the door for her to pass out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMORS OF IGNORANCE.

A SURPRISING amount of ignorance about subjects of the most ordinary kind seems to be occasionally exhibited; and some of the errors which have been committed are highly amusing.

A delightful blunderer was the gentleman who complained of "those beastly dialect poems and stories." "The other day," said he, "I came across a fellow called Chaucer, and I'll be hanged if I could read him."

Lord Tennyson is fond of telling, apropos of his early residence at Haslemere, a story of a certain laboring man. "Who lives there?" asked a visitor, pointing to the laureate's house. "Muster Tennyson," answered the laboring man. "What does he do?" was the next inquiry. "Well, muster, I don't rightly know what he does," answered the rustic, scratching his head. "I've often been asked what his business is, but I think he the man as makes the poets."

The story is told of a former vice-president of the United States, who, walking around the library, saw a folio lettered "Virgilii Opera." "Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "I had no idea that Virgil wrote operas." And the writer can certify that a gentleman greatly interested in the subject of education, while examining a copy of an edition de luxe of a certain author, was heard to remark, "By the way, who was De Luxe? Was he the printer or the binder?"

People may be found in England who believe that Henry Clay makes the cigars which go by his name, that Daniel Webster wrote the "Unabridged Dictionary," and that Washington Irving was an eccentric preacher. Such ignorance, however, is not confined to the English people.

Two years ago the principal of a public school in Pennsylvania wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne, asking for his autograph, as it was proposed to hold a literary fair to obtain money for a school library. That library was evidently much needed.

Booksellers and librarians all have their anecdotes of curious errors on the part of purchasers and subscribers.

In a bookseller's shop one day a lady asked, "Have you 'John Halifax?'" "No," was the clerk's reply, "we are just out of 'John Halifax,' but here is 'John Holdsworth;' will that do?" The lady thought it would not do, but the assistant was determined to effect a sale, so he went on, "Do you like deep reading, ma'am? Here is 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea;' that is a very deep novel."

In a famous shop in Rome, a damsel asking for Max O'Rell's book on the United States was scornfully told that "Marcus Aurelius vas neffer in der United Shtades."

In a large library in Philadelphia, a young lady asked for "English as She is Spoke." The assistant librarian, in a tone of indirect reproof which reached the delighted ears of the young lady, bade a boy get "English as It is Spoken."

"Have you 'Cometh?'" said a lady to a clerk in a book store. "'Cometh,' ma'am; I don't know of any book of that name." "Don't you? well, I saw a book 'Goeth,' and thought there might be a companion book by the name of 'Cometh.'"

But the laugh is not always on the side of the bookseller's assistant or the library attendant. A lady went into a music store in Philadelphia and asked for "Songs without Words." The young man stared at her in astonishment. "But," he said, "you know that is impossible; there cannot be songs without words."

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, at a time when two of his pictures formed a part of a loan exhibition, received two letters directed in his care: one to P. P. Rubens, Esquire; the other to P. Rembrandt, Esquire.

The proprietor of an establishment which supplied newspaper cuttings saw a notice of a newly-published cheap edition of "Rasselas," and immediately wrote to Samuel Johnson, LL. D., care of——, publishers, enclosing circulars, and stating that he would be pleased to furnish him with copies of newspaper criticisms of his recent popular work.

Talleyrand's wife was the reverse of brilliant, and he used to excuse his marriage on the ground that while "clever women may compromise their husbands, stupid women only compromise themselves."

One day the famous traveller M. Denon was expected to dinner, and Talleyrand conjured madame to prepare herself for sensible conversation by looking over Denon's works. Unfortunately, on her way to the library, madame forgot the name. She could only remember it began with "De." The librarian smiling handed her a copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

Madame easily mastered its contents, and at the table astonished her guest by exclaiming:

"Mon dieu, monsieur! what joy you must have felt in your island when you found Friday!"

ON BOARD SHIP.—A paper suggests that plates and dishes used on board ship should be fitted with iron bottoms, so that by means of electro magnets placed beneath the table they might be held firmly in place during the rolling of the vessel. As our readers know, the slipping of the table utensils is at present guarded against by the use of wooden rails, and perhaps, all things considered, this simple device is better than the one now proposed, in the carrying out of which many difficulties would present themselves. The new expedient seems to have been suggested by the alleged malpractice of certain transatlantic gamblers, who have cleverly taken advantage of the resources of science to help them in their nefarious doings. These men, it is said, use dice so loaded with iron upon one face that they will always fall in one direction upon the table furnished with concealed magnets in the manner described.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SMALLEST.—The really smallest bible ever printed was produced recently at Oxford. It is about four and a half inches high, 2 and five eighths wide, and five eighth of an inch thick.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—The following epitaph on husband and wife—the husband having died first—is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries: "I am anxiously waiting for you—A. D. 1827." "Here I am—A.D. 1867."

LIGHTNING.—Oaks are more frequently struck by lightning than beech trees. The leaves of the beech tree are, it seems, covered with a fine down, which is a better conductor of electricity than the smooth leaves of the oak.

DOGS' BIRTHDAYS.—Birthdays of high toned dogs are celebrated in the best New York society with select parties, and birthday presents are often costly and elegant. Our high toned dogs have silver bracelets riveted around their legs, and bunches of their hair are caught up and tied with colored ribbons, in true lovers' lot knots the tail is partly sheathed in precious metal.

ANNO DOMINO.—About the middle of the sixth century Denysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, born in Scythia, introduced the method of dating the years from the birth of Christ, placing its date in the eighth year of the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad, seven hundred and fifty-three from the foundation of Rome. It is believed that he placed it about four years too late.

WASTE PRODUCTS.—Valuable waste products derivable from fish refuse are usually ignored in every household. Excellent stock or basis for soups can be made from the heads, bones, skins of fish and of filleted fish, a familiar economy in China, where even sharks' fins often fetch about thirteenpence a pound. A bread of fish flour is popular in some countries. English rays are imported into France for making soup, bone earth from fish refuse for manure; albumen from fish blood.

SPIDERS AS DETECTIVE AGENCIES.—Robert F. Smith, turnkey of the Ulster county, N. Y., jail, finds that spiders are useful in ascertaining whether prisoners have been tampering with iron window bars or not. It is not easy to discover the cut of a fine saw in an iron bar, especially when such cut has been carefully closed with blackened bread. Even running a knife blade along the bar does not always disclose it. Spiders weave their webs over these windows, running their threads from bar to bar. A prisoner cannot work on a bar without breaking down the webs. When the officers see the webs have not been displaced he considers it good proof that the window bars have not been sawed If the web has been brushed away he makes a careful examination.

POOR BRIDES.—Among the charity societies of Moscow there is one for the endowment of poor brides. The funds of the society are constantly increased by the gifts or bequests of benevolent persons, but only the interest of the money is used for the designated purpose. This year the distribution was on the first Monday in this month. The managers had previously designated the sum to be given and the number of persons among whom it should be distributed. On the appointed day religious services were held and speeches made in honor of the society, and then the applicants drew lots for the prizes. Twenty-five poor brides drew lucky chances, and their dowries will be handed to them as soon as they present their marriage certificates.

MEN OF LETTERS.—It is well known that an English man of letters wears constantly in a gold casket around his neck a portion of Shelley's charred skull. If this sort of thing is encouraged we may in time expect the sale of bones to prevail as largely in literary coteries as ever it did among the early Christians. So long as the sentimental lock of hair was the ordinary keepsake this was reasonable enough; but skulls and pulled teeth! Some literary men view this extravagant hero-worship with loathing. Lord Tennyson, for instance, who says in his gruff way that he does not want after death "to be ripped open like a pig," and is reported to have destroyed his letters so that no spicy biography of him will be forthcoming; but shiftier and more impecunious bards are not unlikely to see the opening of great opportunities. Addison used to say he had a thousand pound note in his head; so, in a different way, has the modern poet—particularly if he has had the art to form a distinct school of admirers.

DAWN.

BY C. E. C. W.

Upon the meadows by the sea
I waited for the dawn.
A pearly sky, a flush of red,
A rush of sea birds overhead,
A shaft of golden light that sped
Across the dalsied lawn.

The mist that lay across the deep
Shivered and drew apart;
I heard the splash of the foam-touched wave
Wake into life the dim gray cave
Where, in its silent rock-bound grave,
Rests many a weary heart.

I watched the Summer morning break
Across the upland way,
A breeze awoke, and quivered by
With one glad rush; a lark on high
Trilled forth its matin song. And I—
I thanked God it was day!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "MY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

GUILDFORD BERTON smiled incredulously.

I should say——" he began, then he laughed shortly. "I utterly refuse to believe a word you say," he said, "and if you knew me better, you would know that I am the last man to make terms with a ruffianly burglar. Tell your story, whatever it may be, to the police; I fancy you will find them as incredulous as I am."

"Good," said Furlong coolly. "You've said what you ought to say, and you've said it very well. I give you all credit for your courage. But I'll give you another chance, and I tell you frankly that if you don't come to my terms I shall, very reluctantly, have to tie you in that chair and gag you while I get clear off. Come, you're dying to ask me what I meant. Just ask me a few questions. For instance, what do I find in the photograph of this lady to interest and startle me so much?"

"I shall ask you nothing. I want to hear no more from you," was the stern reply.

"Then I'll ask you a few questions," said Furlong in an unruffled tone. "First of all, do you know who this is?" and he held up the card. "I don't ask you how you came by it. Perhaps the young lady gave it to you, or you found it, or perhaps you stole it."

Guildford Berton's face flamed, but he swallowed his rage and answered quietly enough; for Furlong had spoken the truth, and he was dying to hear what the man had to say.

"You don't deserve an answer," he said.

"But you'll humor me, eh? Just so. Well?"

"It is the portrait of the late Countess of Arrowdale's companion," said Guildford Berton slowly, and almost sullenly.

Furlong nodded.

"And her name was Catherine," he said "It's written here on the card, and her surname was Hayes. And when the countess left her husband, the earl, her maid, this Catherine Hayes, went with her?"

"She did."

"Is she dead?" asked Furlong very grimly.

"The countess? Yes."

"The woman, the maid, this Catherine?" said Furlong.

Guildford Berton nodded.

"Yes, she is dead too."

"Dear, dear!" muttered Furlong. "Tell me, now, did she live with her mistress till the countess died?"

"She did," said Guildford Berton, much less sullenly and with a barely concealed interest.

"And the young lady, Lady Norah, was left in her charge, I suppose?" asked Furlong.

"That is so. Why do you ask? What interest——"

"I ask because I didn't know," replied Furlong. "I know a great deal, but not all."

He gazed at the portrait for some moments lost in thought, then he got up and laid it on the table.

"Come and take a good look at it," he said.

Guildford Berton hesitated a moment, half suspicious that it was a trap to get him away from his post in front of the door, but Furlong cast a glance of contempt at him.

"Man, can't you see I'm in earnest?" he said sternly, and his companion rose and looked at the card with seeming indifference.

"Do you see nothing? Look hard! Does nothing strike you?"

Guildford Berton shook his head.

"I do not understand you. I see nothing," he said.

Furlong pointed to the door.

"Shut it—shut it close," he said.

Guildford Berton smiled.

"You know that there is no one in the house but my servant, an old woman deaf and dumb, or you would not have trifled with me as you have done," he said.

"Shut the door all the same," commanded Furlong, "for what I've got to say even the deaf and dumb might have ears and tongues to hear and tell. Shut the door, I say."

Guildford Berton went and closed the door and turned the key. He was so intensely interested and impressed that it did not occur to him to make a rush for the open air.

"There," he said, "are you satisfied?"

Furlong beckoned to him to come nearer, and laying his heavy hand upon the shoulder of the other whispered a few words into his ear.

Guildford Berton started, and turned a white face of amazement and unbelief upon him.

"What!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Pshaw! It's—it's impossible!"

"It's not only possible, but it's true!" retorted Furlong with grim earnestness. "Sit down and listen to me."

Berton sank into the chair, and standing before him, with his hands thrust into his pockets, the man spoke on in a low voice, which, though cool and collected, impressed every word upon his startled hearer.

As Guildford Berton listened drops of sweat came out upon his forehead, and his face changed from red to white.

"If, if this is true—if I can believe it!" he said huskily, his lips twitching.

"It is gospel!" retorted Furlong laconically, "and you do belive it. I can see it by your face, man."

"Prove it—give me proofs," dropped from the white lips.

"Proofs? Yes, conclusive, irrefutable ones. Proofs strong enough for any court of law in the land."

An exclamation difficult to describe burst from Guildford Berton, and he rose and paced the room, his face working, his hands clasped tightly behind his back.

Furlong sat himself on the table and watched him coolly.

Suddenly he stopped before the sideboard, and took out the brandy decanter.

"Oh, that's it!" muttered Furlong to himself; then aloud—

"Here, steady! Not too much of that! A glass apiece. You want to keep your head cool, you know, if you're going to work this properly. And you are, you know."

Guildford Berton poured out a couple of glasses with a shaky hand, and with an uneasy laugh.

"When—when will you let me have the proofs?" he asked, looking not at Furlong but at the table.

Furlong considered for a moment or two.

"In three days," he said. "Meanwhile, keep your mouth shut."

Berton laughed.

"Oh, yes; you can do that, I dare say. And now, what do you say to our bargain?" and Furlong smiled grimly.

Guildford Berton, still looking at the table, nodded.

"You want to know how much——"

Furlong took his hands from his pockets, and eyed him up and down slowly.

"No," he said quietly. "I ask nothing, I'm not sure I'll take anything. But we'll see. It strikes me I'm the honester man of the two, Mr. Berton. I bargained for my liberty and your silence about this little escapade of mine. Well, you shall give me a hundred or two to take me out of the country when you've done with me, and we'll cry quits."

Guildford Berton held out his hand and Furlong took it, but with an utter absence of alacrity or effusiveness.

"Open the door," he said.

Guildford Berton opened it, and with a nod and a quiet "In three days—say Friday," this singular specimen of "the genus" burglar went out.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

GUILDFORD BERTON flung himself into the chair lately occupie by Mr. Furlong, and clasped his forehead with his hands.

The revelation he had heard was so stupendous that he had scarcely realized it, or its effect upon his hopes and ambitions. How long he sat staring before him, and going over and over the pregnant words which Furlong had whispered, he did not know; but suddenly he was aroused by a sound of hammering at the door in the wall.

He started to his feet, white with fear, his over-strained nerves setting him shaking and trembling. Then he took the lantern, and with unsteady feet went down to the gate.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Is that you, sir?" came the response. "For God's sake, come up to the Court, Mr. Berton!"

He opened the door, but not fully, and holding up the lantern, saw one of the grooms standing outside, holding a horse by the bridle.

"What is the matter, Marston?" he asked with dry lips.

"Come at once, sir," replied the groom. "The earl is dying—is dead by this time, I'm afeared."

Guildford Berton went back for his coat and hat, moving like a man in a dream.

"Here, take my horse, sir," said the groom flurriedly. "I'll run on after you."

"Who sent for me?" asked Guildford Berton, as he sprang into the saddle.

"I don't know—her ladyship, or perhaps Mrs. Harman. I was to tell you to come without loss of a moment."

Guildford Berton thrust in the spurs and tore off. A groom was in waiting and took the horse, and the butler received him at the hall door.

"I'm afraid you're too late, sir," he said in a hushed, awed voice. "The earl was taken worse soon after you went; a kind of fit, from all I can make out, and——"

Guildford Berton moved towards the stairs as Harman came down. Her eyes were red, and she supported herself by the balustrade, and he had no need to ask the momentous question.

"Yes, sir," she said with a sob, "his lordship is dead. A quarter of an hour ago——"

He stared up at her. He was not thinking of the earl, but of Norah.

"And—and Lady Norah?" he said, almost inaudibly.

Harman's tears began to flow afresh.

"My poor mistress!" was all she could say.

He looked down, to hide the sudden flash which shot into his eyes.

"Did he—was he sensible?" he asked in a hushed voice.

Harman shook her head.

"I can't tell, sir; and yet I think he was at the last. It was a fit of some kind, and—and—yes, sir, I think he was sensible. He—he tried to speak——"

"Yes," he broke in, with barely concealed eagerness; "well?"

"He did say some words. He knew Lady Norah, and spoke her name, and he—he spoke yours. It seemed as if he were trying to say something that was on his mind, but he could not. And—and I think that killed him, the not being able to make my dear lady understand. He—he seemed frightened of something, as if he wanted to wanted to warn her. Oh, I can't tell what he meant!"

Guildford Berton drew a breath of relief. It passed very well for a sigh of sympathy and sorrow.

"If I had only stayed!" he murmured, and he turned away and wiped his tearless eyes.

Then, a moment afterwards, he was cool, self-possessed again.

"Will you tell Lady Norah that I am here, Harman?" he said. "And tell her, please, that I will see everything that is necessary. If she would like to see me——"

Harman stole upstairs and into the silent room. Norah was kneeling beside the bed, as she had been so often for the last few weeks, her face hidden in her hands, her body shaken by her sobs. Harman knelt beside her, and laid her hand tenderly upon her arm.

"Don't—don't cry, dear mistress!" she faltered. "And yet—it's best!"

"If he had only told me what he wanted to tell me!" dropped from Norah's quivering lips. "Oh, what was it? What was it?" and she raised her head and looked with an agonized entreaty at the now placid, pale face.

"I—I sent for Mr. Guildford, my lady," whispered Harman, "and he is downstairs. He will do everything, and he says if you'd like to see him——"

A shudder ran through Norah, and she turned her white face to Harman with sudden vehemence.

"No!" she panted. "No, no!" and she dropped back into her former attitude and hid her face, as if she could not endure even Harman's loving eyes.

Harman went downstairs, and found Guildford Berton pacing up and down the library.

"She will not see me?" he said, before she could speak. "Yes, yes, I can understand! Will you bring me some sealing wax and a candle, please. And tell Marston to go to the station with this telegram for Mr. Petherick. They will send it before the post office people."

Still like a man in a dream, he sealed up the drawers in the bureau and the lock on deed box, which had been brought from London and replaced in its usual position in the library.

He paused as he did so with a certain hesitation. Should he make a slight alteration in the will? But this hesitation only lasted a moment, and he affixed the seal without even opening the box with the duplicate key he had made.

Hushed footsteps sounded in ghostly fashion over the vast place, and suddenly a sound smote his ear that made him start and recoil. It was the big bell, which one of the old servants, in accordance with a custom of the house, had set tolling, to announce that the Superfine Earl had passed away. In all probability, of all the people who had known him, of all the great world in which he had been so notable a figure, only two persons shed a tear: the daughter whose love he had persistenly repulsed up to within the last few weeks of his life, and the serving woman, who wept more for Norah than for him. There was not a laborer on the estate, not a groom in the stable, who would not have had more mourners than the Right Hon. the Earl of Arrowdale, Baron of Skelrig, Viscount Normanton, Knight of the two Orders, and master of vast lands and gold.

No work was done that day in Santleigh, and knots of villagers gathered in High Street talking over the great man who was wept less than the least of all the living.

Before noon two carriages arrived at the Court—one contained Lady Ferndale, who had hastened without a moment's delay to the side of her beloved Norah; the other brought the old lawyer, Mr. Petherick: and the same telegram which had summoned him had informed the newspapers of the death of the mighty peer.

"I had intended inserting an advertisement for the viscount—for the Earl of Arrowdale as he is now," said Mr. Petherick, who was a great deal shaken by the news; "but it will not be necessary now: he will read the announcement of his uncle's death, and his own accession, in any of the papers."

Guildford Berton nodded. They were in the library, and he had been giving Mr. Petherick an account of the death—omitting the details Harman had related, and in their place assuring the lawyer that the earl had died quite calmly and peacefully, "Just passed away, indeed!" he said.

"He was not so old as I am," said Mr. Petherick in a low voice, "not nearly so old. And—and Lady Norah—dear, dear!" He seemed to think more of her than the departed earl. "Poor girl, poor girl! So entirely alone in the world."

"Ah, yes," murmured Guildford Berton. "Fatherless and motherless; you knew her mother the countess, Mr. Petherick?"

"Yes, yes, of course. It was sad, very sad! I'm—I'm almost glad she went before the earl! They were very unhappy—poor woman, poor woman! I see you have sealed up everything, Mr. Berton. You are always thoughtful."

"I thought it best," said Guildford Berton gravely. "I suppose you have the will?"

"No," replied Mr. Petherick, shaking his head. "No, I have not. I—I don't even know that there is a will; do you?"

Guildford Berton looked at him with faint surprise.

"How could I possibly know, my dear sir?" he responded.

"I—I thought that perhaps the earl—you were so much in his confidence—might have told you; in fact I—ahem—expect you will find yourself personally interested in it?"

"Not at all likely," said Guildford Berton. "The earl was the last man to confide in any man on such a subject. There may be no will."

"God bless my soul, I hope so!" exclaimed Mr. Petherick. "It—it would make a vast difference to Lady Norah."

"Then I also hope there may be with all my heart!" said Guildford Berton devoutly.

Later in the day, when they met to discuss the arrangements for the funeral, Mr. Petherick remarked quietly—

"I have found the will, Mr. Berton," and Guildford Berton bowed.

"I am glad to hear it, very glad," he said; but he asked no questions, and if he had Mr. Petherick would not have replied to them.

Lady Ferndale had hastened to Norah's side, expecting to find her prostrated, but she found her calm and self-possessed, looking as white as a lily, and worn out

with weariness; but there was no passionate outburst of grief. That had spent itself beside the dead man, and her tears flowed quietly as she hid her face on Lady Ferndale's bosom.

"My poor darling!" murmured the elder woman. "You must come to us directly after—" she could not bring herself to say the word "funeral"; but Norah shook her head.

"No, I must stay here till Lord Santleigh comes," she said. "There must be someone here to receive him, and tell him—tell him everything. Why does he not come, Lady Ferndale?"

"I—I don't know!" was all Lady Ferndale could answer. "But he will be sure to arrive in a day or two; he must hear of it, and then he will come at once."

Everybody said this when the strange delay in the appearance of the new earl was discussed, and it was the topic of conversation throughout the county; but still the young man who had inherited the title and lands of Arrowdale did not arrive to claim his birthright.

No English newspaper reached the wild coast of Brittany where Cyril Burne the artist was at work painting dearly, and no tidings of the death of his uncle reached him.

If Jack Wesley had been in London he would have known what had happened, and informed Cyril, but Jack was in Brittany with his friend, and as he took care that no letters or papers should be permitted to mar his one holiday in the year, he was as ignorant as Cyril himself.

The days passed rapidly, and that of the funeral was reached, and Mr. Petherick was in despair. He had advertised for the missing viscount, but without any result, and he found himself in the position of an executor acting in utter ignorance whether the heir were alive or dead.

"Perhaps he is dead!" said Guildford Berton grimly, and Mr. Petherick groaned.

"No," he said, "I don't believe it. We should have heard of it. But to think that the funeral will have to take place without the new earl as chief mourner——" His feelings were too strong to permit him to finish the sentence.

The day arrived, however, and the heir was still absent. There was a vast crowd at the funeral, and the salon was filled with distant connections and friends who came with varied expectations to hear the will read.

If she could have done so, Norah would have shrunk from this ordeal, but Lady Ferndale gently pointed out to her that it must be endured, and amid a dead silence she led her into the crowded room.

All eyes were fixed on the lovely face, its pallor accentuated by the black dress, and Mr. Petherick rose to get her a chair, but Guildford stepped before him, and placed one in the window recess so that she sat a little apart from the crowd, and with her face half hidden in the shadow of the curtains.

Norah did not raise her eyes to his face, but took her seat and sat motionless, and holding Lady Ferndale's hand tightly. The crowd of faces swam before her eyes, and the first words Mr. Petherick uttered in his thin voice sounded unintelligible in her ears. She knew that all the eyes, burning with suppressed eagerness and anticipation, were covertly regarding her, and her hand trembled in Lady Ferndale's loving clasp.

Mr. Petherick coughed in his nervous fashion, and fingered the will.

"Before I read the last will and testament of the late Earl of Arrowdale," he said, his voice quavering. "I feel it my duty to express my regret at the absence of the—the present earl. I have used every means to discover his whereabouts, and acquaint him with the melancholy news, but have failed to reach him." There was an intense silence. "Sooner or later—soon, I trust!—he will arrive, and—and—relieve me, and all connected with the estate, of a serious responsibility, but until he does I must ask you to regard me as executor, as the person in charge."

Then he proceeded to read the will.

Many glances of curiosity and envy and suspicion had been cast at Guildford Berton's tall figure as he stood just behind Norah and Lady Ferndale, and when, after reading out the small bequests, Mr. Petherick slowly recited the clause in which the earl bestowed his watch and chain—and nothing else—to his closest friend, Guildford Berton, a suppressed murmur of surprise and relief ran round the room.

Lady Ferndale was as surprised as anyone, and her hand closed over Norah's significantly. But Norah made no sign.

Mr. Petherick read on in the sing-song, unpunctuated legal voice, and presently he came to the clause relating to her. He read it slowly and impressively, and Norah felt rather than saw the hungry eyes fixed upon her. She heard nothing more until she found Mr. Petherick standing before her, with the will in his hand. All the rest had left the room excepting Lady Ferndale and Guildford Berton.

"I—you will allow me to express my satisfaction, Lady Norah," said the old lawyer. "If I had drawn the will myself it could not have been more in accordance with the advice I should have given. Very right and—and just, indeed."

Lady Norah looked at him vacantly, still holding Lady Ferndale's hand.

"A very just and proper will," said the old man, turning his spectacles on Guildford Berton, who stood with his hands clasped behind him, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Yes," said Guildford Berton in a low voice. "But how could the earl have done otherwise?"

At the sound of his voice Norah drew a little closer to Lady Ferndale.

"I—I do not understand," she faltered almost inaudibly.

"Tell her," said Lady Ferndale in a whisper, and she looked at Guildford Berton.

He took a step forward.

"Your father has left you everything that was his to bequeath, Lady Norah," he said. "Will you let me, too, say how rejoiced I am that it should be so?"

Norah raised her eyes to his face, which expressed a gratification consistent with his words, and not a sign of disappointment or envy.

"I do not understand," she said almost piteously. "Am I—the viscount, the present earl, is he——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Petherick in the tone a lawyer adopts when he is enlightening ignorant womankind. "The viscount—that is, the earl—has the estates, the land with the Court, of course; but the rest is yours. It represents a vast sum—vast. The earl, your father, my dear young lady, had for some years saved a large portion of his income, and had been extremely fortunate in his investments; extremely so. It really seemed as if everything he touched turned to gold. On several occasions I felt it my duty to utter a word of warning respecting some of the speculations in which he embarked, but he always had his way, and I am bound to say that the results proved me wrong, and him right. It is impossible at this juncture to give an approximate estimate of the sum he has left you, but it must be very large, very large indeed. I am—as Mr. Berton has said—greatly rejoiced."

He looked round to bow to that gentleman, but Guildford Berton had glided from the room.

Norah put her hand to her brow.

"I do not understand yet," she said in a low voice. "Should—should not all this money have gone to my father's nephew, the present earl?"

Mr. Petherick coughed behind his hand.

"Ahem—that is a difficult question to answer, my dear young lady. In ordinary cases, it might—that is, a portion—er—disappointed. The estate, with the title and the position it involves, is—er—heavy—and——"

"You mean that he ought to have had some of this money?" said Norah, raising her eyes to the old man's face.

"Well—but, no!" he replied staunchly. "It was the earl your father's own personal property, to do with absolutely as he chose, and I repeat that, considering the circumstances, he chose well and—er—wisely."

Norah sighed, and her hand moved restlessly in Lady Ferndale's.

"What am I to do with all this money?" she sighed.

Mr. Petherick smiled.

"It is easier to do with money, however large the sum, than without it, my dear," he said gently. "Yes, an excellent will," he added thoughtfully. "And yet—I—er—wish the earl had permitted me to draw it. It is a strange thing that whenever a non-legal man, a man who is not a lawyer, draws up a will he makes some mistake."

Lady Ferndale looked up quickly.

"There is no mistake—nothing to invalidate this will?" she said.

"No, no," he responded. "Nothing. Just a simple blank, which does not affect it, fortunately."

Lady Ferndale inclined her head with a look of relief. The old man's words had frightened her.

"There is one thing that surprises me," she said, "and that is the smallness of the bequest to Mr. Guildford Berton."

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mr. Petherick. "Just a souvenir, so to speak. Yes. Very much to his credit."

Norah raised her eyes, and answering the look he went on—

"I must say that I was surprised. Mr. Berton was so great a friend, and has been of so much use to the earl, that I should not have been astonished if he had been left a sum of money. It is much to his credit that it is not so. I mean," he went on stumbling and coughing, "that it is evident Mr. Berton is an honest and disinterested man. He might have used his influence with the earl to get himself named for a certain sum of money. Very much to his credit, especially as he is, I believe, a—er—poor man."

"Yes, he has behaved very well," said Lady Ferndale, but with a slight wrinkle on her forehead; "very well. Don't you think so, dear?"

Norah murmured an assent. The insignificance of the earl's bequest to Guildford Berton had surprised her; she did not even yet understand it.

Mr. Petherick went on talking about the property that had been left to Norah, and she gathered, listening listlessly with downcast eyes, that though the Court must go to the present earl, the missing man, there were other houses, as large if not so historic, which had fallen to her.

"I am afraid you are dreadfully rich, my dear," said Lady Ferndale, with a fond smile; and Norah sighed. There flashed across her memory the story of the man dying of thirst in the desert who in the course of his last feeble crawl in search of a spring came across, not water, but a bag of precious stones, and how he flung them from him with a curse. He would have bartered them all for one draught of the life-giving water, and she would have bartered all the immense wealth that the earl had left her for one draught of Cyril Burne's love.

"An," she thought, as she sat in her own room and mused over it all, if he had but remained constant that I might have gone to him and laid it all at his feet. Of what use are lands and money to me, who would have been happy sharing a cottage with him, and cannot but be miserable now that I have lost him?"

She lay awake all night, the same refrain surging in her ears, and recalling with an agony too deep for tears these too short happy hours she had spent in the woods by his side.

Lady Ferndale remained at the Court for three days, and would have stayed still longer, but Norah would not permit her to do so. Nor would she yield to Lady Ferndale's oft-repeated prayer that Norah would go back with her to Gerndale.

"I do not know how it is," she said, "but I have a feeling that I ought to stay here until the earl arrives."

"That's nonsense," said Lady Ferndale stoutly; "he may never arrive. Besides, why should you sacrifice yourself by remaining in this vast place for the sake of welcoming a stranger who will probably——"

"Wish me gone as soon as he arrives," finished Norah with a smile. "I don't know, but I put myself in his place, that is all. I should not like to come back and find the place deserted."

"Come back? The young man has never been here," persisted Lady Ferndale.

"Then he will feel all the more a stranger," said Norah. "You go home, dear, and make my peace with Lord Ferndale for keeping you so long, and I promise that immediately Lord Arrowdale comes home I will pack up my things and invade you."

Lady Ferndale had to be satisfied with this, and went off reluctantly, and Norah was left alone, for even Mr. Petherick had found it necessary to return to London.

"I must find this earl," he said; "I must find him. If you want anything my dear young lady, telegraph at once, and if you cannot wait even so long for me, send for Mr. Berton, who knows everything connected with the estate."

Norah inclined her head, but she thought that if Mr. Berton did not come to the Court before she sent for him it would be some time before his tall figure shadowed the threshold.

And it seemed as if he meant to wait for a summons from her, for the days passed and he did not approach the Court. He had glided out of the room on the day the will was read, and she had not seen him since.

After a time she ventured beyond the park gates, and wandered aimlessly along the lanes and over the common, very much as she wandered about Norton after her mother's death; but though she expected—and dreaded—to meet him, he did not cross her path.

A fortnight passed. Lady Ferndale drove over frequently, and once or twice persuaded Norah to go over to Ferndale for lunch or dinner, and she was made much of and petted to her heart's content, but she always returned to sleep at the Court. Mr. Petherick ran down from London several times, bearing formidable looking documents which he required her to sign, and giving her further details of the wealth which she had inherited.

"I think you ought to go to one or two of your places, Lady Norah," he said gently "Wealth has its responsibilities, as well as its privileges. The place in Scotland, for instance; the earl had not seen it for years. Now, what do you think of paying it a visit? It is a very fair specimen of—er—architecture, quite princely in extent and character. Ahem—I really think you should go."

And Norah said that she would go—when the earl arrived. Then he would sigh and shake his head, and proceed to tell her about the shares in a coal mine which he had discovered belonged to her, and ask her what she would do with a large sum which he found invested in the funds in the earl's name, and which now belonged to her. And then Norah sighed, and begged him to do just as he pleased, and closed the terview.

Another fortnight passed, and one evening she was sitting in the drawing-room looking out at the view, which was rapidly disappearing in the gloaming of the short late autumn day, when a footman entered and brought a card to her.

She took it up and held it to the light. It was Guildford Berton's, and on it was written in pencil, "Will you see me for a few minutes?"

Norah held the card in her fingers, her brows drawn together in silence for fully a minute; then she inclined her head to the footman, who stood like a statue beside her, and he opened the door and announced Guildford Berton.

He came in with his noiseless tread, and Norah, who had taken up a book and held it in her right hand, rose and bowed to him without offering to shake hands.

"I must ask your pardon for intruding on you, Lady Norah," he said slowly, and in the manner of one who was repeating words which he had learnt by heart, "but I am leaving England for some time, and I could not go without wishing you farewell."

His tone was so subdued, so humble, and indeed reverential, that Norah's frigidity melted somehow. After all, she thought, his greatest crime had been his daring to love her, and it is a crime which most women find easy to forgive.

"You are leaving England?" she said. "Will you not sit down?"

He took a chair, and she sank into hers.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I am going away for a change of air and scene. I may be away for some time—for years."

"Where are you going?" she asked, not because she cared, but with the desire to be at least polite to the man who had been her father's closest friend, and who had only sinned in loving her.

"To Australia, I think," he said. "They tell me that a man can find work there, and it is time I made the quest. I have been idle too long—for a poor man."

Norah's heart smote her—it had grown very tender during these weeks of solitary musing. Sorrow teaches us sympathy even with those we dislike, and she was conscious of a feeling of pity for this man who had wasted his life dancing attendance on one who had rewarded the sacrifice by—a gold watch and chain!

"I hope you will—succeed," she said.

He glanced up at her gratefully, but with the same air of playing a part he had carefully rehearsed.

"It is very good of you to express so kind a wish," he murmured, "especially as I know—am bitterly conscious—that I have lost your friendship."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LATE ADVICE.—A middle-aged colored woman who occasionally worked for a lady in a certain city one day informed her employer that she could not do any more work for her, as she intended "gettin' mah'led."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "So you are going to be married?"

"Yes'm, I is, fo' sartin."

"Well, I hope, Rosa, that you have given the matter careful consideration?"

"Yes'm."

Finding her in a receptive mood, the lady thought it an excellent time to give some advice on the subject of matrimony, and she improved the occasion.

Rosa listened patiently and then said,—

"Dat's so, lady—dat's so! I tell yo' dis gittin mah'led ain't no triflin' business! I'se been mah'led fo' time already myself, lady, an' I knows dat w at you done say is a solemn fac'."

LOSS.

BY MORLEY.

Something is gone from me that once I kept
Deep in my heart of hearts—some thought, some touch—
Something I know not. Ah, with closer clutch
I should have held it! Then I had not wept
As I do now. While that I dreamed and slept,
It slipped from me—a formless phantom thing;
And now I morn and eve go sorrowing
For loss of it—the tender touch that crept
About my heart, about my brain, and lay,
A wordless benediction, all the day
Upon my being, lighting with its sun
Of dim soft splendor the surrounding dun,
A consciousness is on me, weird and chill,
Of something lost. Oh, would I had it still.

Too Late.

BY F. H. LOW.

THERE was no expression of annoyance on Mr. Lanford's face as on the very day of his departure for a trip abroad he received a letter at breakfast from the friend who was to accompany him, saying he was unable to carry out his contract, owing to unavoidable circumstances.

Although Percy Gyde was what ladies call the "dearest friend Lanford possessed," this latter gentleman took the news and the prospect of his solitary journey with the greatest composure.

His meal ended, he proceeded to pack and, an hour later, unlike the other sex, to whom packing is almost as exhaustive a process as shopping, had finished just as Mrs. Beach, his laundress, entered the chambers.

After Lanford had paid and tipped her, the lady asked: "Are you going to leave all them letters about, sir?"

"Yes, Mrs. Beach," returned the gentleman, coolly and significantly. "I have locked up all my letters that I prefer not to have read. These are chiefly bills, as they are mostly paid, it don't much matter who sees them."

Mrs. Beach was pleased to consider Lanford as a "funny" man, and those remarks of his which she did not wish to understand were only part of his humor.

Lanford continued from his bed room, where he was rummaging about:

"I must apologise for the antiquity of the collars I am leaving behind, Mrs. Beach. I hope, however, the shape will atone in your son's eyes for this little defect; as for my ties and socks, well, it is unnecessary to tell you and your family to make yourselves quite at home with regard to them.

"It really is very forgetful of me not to have had my piano tuned—perhaps, however, you would ask Miss Beach not to play her distracting airs at eleven o'clock at night, as some of those disagreeable fellows underneath complained that it interfered with their work last time—they did remark that there must have been something wrong with the loud pedal—but what can you expect of barristers?"

Mrs. Beach remarked: "Lor, sir! how you do go on," and entering his chamber, added: "You are not looking well, sir; perhaps this little trip abroad will do you good," after which she proceeded to make a tremendous bustle and shaking up, and drove Lanford into the other apartments, where he relapsed into an arm-chair with a pipe.

He was an habitual smoker, and keenly appreciated the habit, but no expression of relaxation came into his handsome, melancholy face as he sat on, doing nothing. As a rule men's faces are less expressive than women's, possibly owing to the greater necessity for self-control; and beyond a settled melancholy, almost sadness, about his dark eyes, and rather cynical mouth, you would not have gathered a very correct notion of the man, Gilbert Lanford, from his exterior.

He was one of those men who are scarcely ever understood by other men, owing to the thick mark of pride and cynicism which conceals the real sensitive, rather sentimental self. Lanford was usually labelled, even by his most intimate friends, as a rather selfish, extremely hard headed, able and witty individual; and perhaps out of the whole number of them not one dreamt of the other side of his being.

He was one of those unfortunate men who possess a temperament—only pardonable in a genius—which from its very nature prevents its owner from having any permanent happiness.

That is to say, he had that vague, restless kind of nature—scarcely ever to be found in the successful practical man, or in the pure idealist or artist, but in the man whose sentimental and poetic side is as developed as his logical faculty.

One saw no particular reason (unless you were his doctor, and knew how much physical considerations influenced him mentally) to pity a man in the prime of life who was blessed with an abundance of money, who had already achieved a name amongst the men of letters of his day, and who might have been, had he chosen, a favorite with men and women.

Lanford himself hardly knew why life appeared to him so incomprehensible and unsatisfactory a thing. He could not even account for it on the score of a love disappointment.

Many women had cared for him, but up to his thirty-fourth year they all appeared to him more or less charming in any state but as his wife—indeed, the woman who should satisfy Mr. Lanford's delicate, refined tastes, and at the same time his desire for originality and freshness, had not yet appeared.

Mrs. Beach, seeing him in what she phrased one of his "gloomy moods" (being a woman, she never could understand the possibility of a man remaining quiescent for half an hour, doing nothing, and not being intensely miserable), tried to cheer him up by remarking how his friends would miss him.

Lanford smiled rather sardonically, and said:

"Ah, that is a pleasing reflection, Mrs. Beach; I believe I do give rather good dinners; and so far as wine and cigars are concerned, my departure will no doubt plunge all my dear friends in grief—it would be more considerate of me to lay in a stock of both and place them at their disposal—this possibility might console them."

But after the manner of her sex, Mrs. Beach was absorbed in some domestic detail, and merely remarked "What, sir?" when Lanford came to an end, at which the man groaned; remarked it was too hot to repeat his valuable utterances, and went to Park Lane to bid his mother and sisters adieu.

As to Lanford's female belongings, the correct word to apply to them is that elastic one "charming"—which in this case really expresses everything, and which, to a discerning person, may account for the reason that Lanford's best self—if he possessed one—never appeared in the artificial atmosphere of his mother's house.

"My dear boy," remarked his mother, an exceedingly handsome lady, whose virtues did not equal her age, which, by the bye, was most successfully concealed: "How ill you look—I am so glad you are going off, and that Mr. Gyde, who is so nice and lively, is going with you."

"Cut short your raptures, my dear mother," said her son. "Gyde is not going."

"Not going!—Well, Bertie, you don't propose to go alone?"

"Certainly," returned Gilbert, composedly; "and on the whole there are great disadvantages in having a travelling companion, one has to preserve a certain amount of decent restraint in taking the best of everything, which is a bore."

"Bertie, I never knew anyone like you. I thought you were fond of Mr. Gyde—you ought to be—he is very fond of you."

Her son shrugged his shoulders.

"I leave all these affecting emotions to you and the girls, my dear mother."

This was not a nice speech from a son to a mother, above all when the mother had the antecedent of Mrs. Lanford; but bitter little speeches such as these—the sting of which lay in the knowledge of the two persons alone concerned—were not very uncommon with Gilbert in the family circle; and it is not particularly wonderful that neither his mother nor his beautiful sisters bore much affection for him.

They, however, ascribed one virtue to Gilbert, that of "reliableness," which, owing to their volatility, was often called into requisition.

* * * * * *

It cannot be asserted with any veracity that Lanford rendered himself generally attractive whilst pursuing his journey to Brussels.

On board, after asking himself a half-dozen times why he had come, he settled himself in gloomy silence at as great a distance as was possible from the rest of his compatriots.

A really beautiful young lady, with cheeks as pink as the most superior paint could produce, and fine locks of the most approved bronze color, surveyed his pale, handsome face, with its lustrous dark eyes with a good deal of approval, and made every advance consistent with the propriety of a British maiden; but all to no effect—Lanford, stupidly preferring nature to art, puffed away stolidly and unconcernedly.

An altogether harmless young man, "believing," as he afterwards informed his friends, "that the cad was a gentleman," remarked that it was "an uncommonly fine night;" as, however, the cad in question received the statement with a quiet little stare, the possible conversation dropped, and the young man returned to his more genial companion, where Mr. Lanford's haughty deportment drew forth some uncomplimentary comments—a few of which floated to his ear, but did not in any way discompose him.

He could not for the life of him help feeling, not so much contempt as distaste, for these young men, all of whom he admitted led, no doubt, much more useful lives than he, but whose conversation on the subject of racing and the drama bored him unutterably.

Unfortunately, if you have lived to the age of five-and-thirty, and in a fastidious, refined kind of way gratified yourself in every particular, it is possible most things will seem more or less boring—as was indeed the case with Mrs. Lanford's son. It is a little difficult to understand how Lanford could conceive that a tour abroad—which was about his twentieth experience could remedy a weariness which was an integral part of himself.

After the fascinating young lady and her companion had retreated from the Lanford assault, Gilbert found himself alone at the upper end of the boat for a few moments.

He had no sooner misanthropically congratulated himself on this fact than an elderly man, who walked in an exceedingly feeble manner, seated himself close beside him, and attempted to twist some rugs about his legs, which he succeeded in doing after a good many clumsy efforts.

His face was striking enough to arrest even Gilbert's listless attention. It was one of those clearly cut, delicate faces often seen in elderly men of great intellectuality, without a trace of hair on it to mar the beauty of feature.

In this case the tremulousness of the mouth and the softness of the mild blue eyes forewarned you not to expect great moral or mental strength; but you would have guessed at the first shot that this fine old head, with its thick, curling gray hair, belonged to a painter, or a poet, or a musician.

Owing to his reserve—partly constitutional, partly cultivated—it is probable that Gilbert would have contented himself with a momentary curiosity as to whom the old man could be had he not seen him press his hands to her breast as if in acute pain. Even then Gilbert hesitated, having the strongest objection himself to be spoken to by a stranger; but the old man looked at him in a helpless kind of manner which Gilbert, not being exactly a brute, felt he could not resist. He went to his side, and said courteously:

"I am afraid you are ill. Can I do anything for you?"

The old man took his hand tremblingly, and murmured his regret for troubling him.

"If the gentleman would be so good as to fetch him a little brandy."

Gilbert immediately handed him his own flask, and a few minutes later the old gentleman was well enough to accept a cigar. A little desultory conversation followed, in the midst of which Gilbert said:

"I am afraid you are hardly in a fit state to travel. Do you intend remaining in Brussels?"

"No, no!" said the old man eagerly. "My daughter is expecting me—waiting for me at Dresden."

Gilbert said nothing—but the elder man apparently did not find him unsympathetic, for he said, speaking with a nervous eagerness:

"Ah, sir—I feel as if I should like to tell you—you are not like most young gentlemen. I read something most noble in your countenance." And he looked at Gilbert's sad dark face; at which the younger man smiled a little and said, gently touched by something child-like in the soft white hair and gentle blue eyes:

"If I can do anything for you—I am at your service. I believe I am right in thinking this is your first sea-voyage?"

"My first—yes," and he shrugged his shoulders. "You see I am scarcely fit for it—but I am going to fetch my daughter. Oh, sir, you do not know the joy of what this meeting will be to us—a father separated from his only daughter for fifteen years—fifteen years," he repeated mournfully.

Gilbert had too fine a stock of tact to say anything—and the old man went on: "You are beginning life—I am nearly at the end—but I feel drawn to you—perhaps I feel so joyful my dear little Jennie!"

Doubts as to the sanity of the elderly stranger began to creep over Gilbert's cautious mind, and he hazarded a remark:

"You have been separated from your daughter for fifteen years?" He really felt not the slightest interest in the answer—but the evident illness and loneliness of the old man disposed him to make some tests of his saneness.

"Fifteen years ago, when little Jenny was a child, she was taken from me and her poor mother. You see, sir, it seems unnatural for a parent to part with one of his children, but if you only knew the circumstances—if you only knew the circumstances, sir." There was no mistaking the intense desire on the part of the old man to relate the circumstances.

With an inward groan, and not a little surprise at his own goodness, Gilbert resigned himself to the recital and said:

"I am sure circumstances may arise in which such a course might be necessary."

"Yes, sir, that's what I've said to myself over and over again. You see, I made a mistake in the beginning—we were young and thoughtless, both of us—and we ran away. Heaven knows we both regretted it; but she, poor thing, suffered most. Jenny's mother—I mean.

What she saw in me I never could make out. She a beauty and a great lady, the daughter of a peer, and I nothing but a poor organist; but I believe in those days," drawing up his old head proudly, "five-and-twenty years ago, I was as handsome a fellow as you could see."

Gilbert remarked there was every evidence of the fact still remaining; but he concealed his surprise that the old man whom he had judged sixty-five must be more than ten, perhaps fifteen, years younger. The old man went on in a half apologetic kind of tone, more as if he were relating the story to satisfy himself:

"Yes, there's no doubt I was a handsome fellow—but—" here his head dropped, and he went on in a piteous tone—"that doesn't satisfy a woman for long—and you can't blame her—brought up to every luxury—there was no one to blame but me——" his self-reproaching tone died to a whisper.

Gilbert pressed the old man's hand underneath the rug; he did not dare to hazard a remark, as he imagined the peer's daughter had disgraced herself.

When he raised his head he said humbly: "Perhaps I'm troubling you, sir?"

"Not in the least," returned Lanford; "only don't tell me if it distresses you."

"Ah, it's all gone now—she never forgave me for bringing her to poverty. God knows I did my best, and was punished enough.

"Not a farthing would her mother give us, even when the five boys were living, and I only earning fifteen shillings a week as an organist on Sundays at the village church. Then—she died—died without forgiving me—a few months after little Genevieve was born. And then my five boys died one after another——Oh, I was punished——"

The pathetic figure of the old man did not prevent Gilbert from experiencing a feeling of embarrassment as he saw that the old man's emotion was being observed. To divert him from his painful reminiscences, he asked: "And the little girl—what became of her?"

"There I did wrong again," returned the old man with his touching humility. "Her grandmother consented to take her on condition I gave up all claim to her. Before you judge me, sir, remember I was desperately poor and had five strong boys to provide for—and her mother had wished it——"

"And now, I suppose, Miss Jenny wants to see you?"

An almost painful expression of expectant happiness swept over the old man's face. All the unhappy memories of the past were forgotten as he said, with a joyful ring in his voice: "No, her grandmother died last week, and, thank God, relented before she died.

She consented that Jenny, whom she had up to now forbidden to hold any intercourse with me, should have her choice of staying with me for six months. I wrote to my dear little girl—and I am on my way to her.

Isn't it good of her? because you see she is surrounded by all these aristocratic relative of her mother's, who look down on me—not without good reason——"

Gilbert cut short the self depreciation that he saw coming.

"And at the end of the six months," he asked, "where is she going?"

The old man clasped his hands nervously.

"Oh, I hope she will stay with me for the few remaining years of my life! I will make her so happy! And do you think it would be very dull for a young girl with an old man? I have save up money for her, and she can have pictures and dresses as she likes. I have made a fair name as a

composer. Perhaps, sir," he said modestly, "you have heard of Stanfield?"

Whether Gilbert had or not, he affirmed that he had; and a few moments later the old man sank into a soothed slumber.

When Gilbert found himself really going out of his way to look after old Stanfield, the humor of the situation began to strike him; and generous actions being somewhat rare with him, he began to feel a little ashamed of himself.

Nothing could have tended to more greatly embarrass him than to have his kindliness to the old man made known. When in Brussels, where they remained several days, owing to the feeble condition of Stanfield, he met some friends. He was in as mortal terror as if he were afraid of the discovery of some mean action that they should find out his humble friend. To interest himself actively in another's welfare, and put himself to inconvenience on another's behalf, was certainly rather out of keeping with the tenor of his life.

But there was a certain pathetic loneliness in old Stanfield which had touched that particular sentiment in Gilbert which few people ever succeeded in doin. Added to which he had a certain languid curiosity in seeing the finale of the little affair in which he was playing a part; and at times there rose within his breast a certain uneasy foreboding as to whether there might not be disappointment in store for the old man.

And lastly, no man with a drop of human blood in his veins could be insensible to the clinging affection which seemed to be growing up in the lonely old man for himself.

True, Gilbert knew it was soon to be transferred, with a thousand times more force, to the adored Jenny; but for the present it was pleasant even to a man like Lanford, who professed to despise the softer emotions.

Once he asked Stanfield, who was just recovering from one of his painful heart attacks, whether it would not be better to fetch Miss Stanfield to Brussels; but the old man had an incorrigible objection to appearing before his daughter as an invalid.

"It would not do," he said a little excitedly, "for her to think she would have to nurse her father. It is I who will protect and take care of my Jenny."

And for the thousandth time he would describe the meeting, her features, which must be like her mother's—"the most beautiful woman in the country, sir"—to all of which Lanford would listen patiently, with a little feeling of surprise at the intensity of the old man's love, and an irrepressible sigh of regret that no father or mother had ever felt this for him.

In a few days Mr. Stanfield was so much better that he was able to resume his journey; and Gilbert, feeling he would be somewhat de trop, in Jenny's eyes at least, parted with him, promising to visit Dresden a week later, before the Stanfields left for London.

Lanford then pursued his journey to Hamburg; and as the softer emotions appeared to have departed with old Stanfield, and he resumed his ordinary semi-cynical, semi-bitter attitude towards life and men, he is not a pleasant companion, although he is too well-bred to evince these characteristics in an unpleasant manner.

He carried away with him the impression of the old man's beautiful face—a little worn and wistful, but radiantly joyful and satisfied in the coming re-union.

A week later, after an unsatisfactory time, Gilbert arrived at Dresden. Thanks to his aristocratic bearing and manner, he always received prompt attention, no matter how other Englishmen fared; and ten minutes after his arrival in Dresden his luggage and he himself were deposited in the same hotel as the Stanfields; and his handsome pale face and good clothes having made an impression, as usual, on the softer sex, he was within half-an-hour provided with the best dinner Dresden could boast.

Having finally dined, smoked and, to the surprise of the natives, had a bath, he requested the waiter to take up his card to Mr. Standfield. The man returned, saying Mr. Stanfield was ill in bed, but if Mr. Lanford would be good enough to come up, he would be greatly pleased to see him.

Gilbert with the memory of the old man's radiant brightness a week ago, was shocked at the change for the worse in his appearance.

That look of renewed if fictitious youth had absolutely disappeared; and the furrowed lines, mementos of years of trouble and suffering, now stood out more clearly than ever, marking also the extreme delicacy and purity of marble face. Old Stanfield was sitting propped up with pillows; and there were evidences of feminine attentions in the delicate arrangements round his bedside, especially evinced in a dish of roses at his side.

His blue eyes brightened as Gilbert approached the bed, and he stretched out his beautiful attenuated hand with a feverish pleasure, and busied himself with the nervous anxiety of sick elderly persons to make room for Gilbert to sit.

In the midst of this there was a slight and gentle rustle, and Miss Stanfield, with a glass of something in her hand, stood at her father's bedside.

"This is Mr. Lanford, Jenny, my dear, the gentleman of whom I spoke to you—my daughter, Mr. Lanford," and the old man sank back exhausted.

Gilbert was vaguely conscious that there was something wrong. Where was all the pride and joy of the tone in which he had last spoken of his beloved Jenny? He glanced at the girl in something like anger. She was a beautiful young creature, and curiously enough, in her eyes, which were long and dark, and quite unlike her father's in color and shape, there was the same expression of wistful appeal. Gilbert could not fail to notice the air of restraint with which she ministered to her father, and, although he was not prone to rash judgments, the thought, "rather heartless," rose within him.

But men followed her slight figure and gracious face with pleasure; but in the father's glance there was an indefinable kind of sad disappointment.

Miss Stanfield turning round a little suddenly caught her father's expression, and with a slight accession of color walked to the bedside and kissed the old man, who lay very serene.

He received his daughter's caress rather passively, and inquired absently whether Dr. Schweitz had called whilst he was asleep.

"No, dear—don't you remember we said we would only send for him if you were not so well? You don't feel worse, do you?"

"No, not worse. Jenny, my dear, you look pale; had you not better go for a turn?"

"Yes, dear," and the daughter gave a little sigh. "I suppose there is nothing I can do for you?"

Some impulse caused her to bend down again and press her lips to the pallid, sunken cheeks—and then she disappeared.

Gilbert sat by the bedside for a few moments in painful silence. He scarcely knew how to commence conversation on any safe subject. At last he made a few trivial remarks about his own trip, and seeing the old man sinking into a doze, prepared to leave the room, with the intention of interviewing the doctor.

The loosening grasp of his fingers roused the old man, who had been only lost in memories, and not asleep.

His blue eyes, a little dim, but sweet and placid as ever, fixed themselves on Gilbert's dark, melancholy face, and he murmured gently:

"You understand—it was not what I expected? It is just the crowning disappointment. Why could I not have a little joy before the grave? I wish—" he tried weakly to control his quiet sobs—"I wish I had died on board. I might have known—it has always been the same all through."

In his agitation he raised himself into a sitting position, and dropped his weary head on to Gilbert's shoulder.

For a few moments there was calm stillness, and Gilbert, looking down on his flushed, worn face, and hearing his heavy breathing, hoped he would sleep.

Presently he raised his head with an irritable sigh, and said, sadly: "If only anyone had ever loved me; I did so want to be loved. I could not help it—there seemed to be a sort of yearning here"—placing his hand on his heart—"which never was satisfied. First her—then the boys—and now—oh, Jenny, if you only could have loved me. Ah, me!—well, it is nearly over now, and"—with a weary sigh—"I am not sorry. I hope"—he took Gilbert's hand in his own trembling ones, and looked into his impassive face—"your life, which is just beginning, will be different from mine; do not expect too much; above all, do not expect too much love."

He paused for a second, and Gilbert noticing his weakness suggested he should try and sleep, but the old man went on murmuring with a tender inflection in his voice, and his tired blue eyes wandering about the room: "You must not think Jenny was to blame; it was not her fault that she had no love for her father; but, alas, it seems everything has gone wrong."

Gilbert determined not to let him talk any more, and, after giving him some medicine, said: "I must go now, but would you like me to come up again later?"

Stanfield's worn features lighted up, and he pressed the young man's hand, saying, "I am so tired."

Gilbert went down the stairs more sorry and grieved for the old man than he could have believed it possible. He had no sooner reached the gardens than a feminine figure approached him, and Miss Stanfield said, with a deprecating, yet anxious air:

"Do you think papa is very ill?—Oh, I am sorry about it all."

She paused, and then went on speaking very rapidly and with a sort of girlish excitement, as if she were trying hard not to cry:

"You see, I had not seen papa since I was a baby, and of course I could not feel any deep love for him. If your father is a complete stranger to you, it is not likely you can look upon him as other girls do their fathers. Yet I have longed to see him, but somehow it was always put off and off, and lately, since I knew I was going to see him, I could only feel excitement and curiosity, and I never thought, I never imagined, he was thinking so much of me. Then when we met, he was so hurt and wounded, when he found that I——"

She stopped short and Gilbert saw her beautiful eyes were heavy with tears. For one selfish moment he wished he were out of the way of all these emotions; the next he was telling her of the old man's hopes and the past, with its disappointment and sorrows.

He could not help admitting that there really was a good deal of justice in what the girl said; but along with this came a strong sense of the father's vivid disappointment and destruction of his edifice of joy.

It was this that impelled him to speak, although he would much rather have been silent. His manner was extremely diffident and unassuming.

"Of course I understand you could not feel what he does; he forgets that, unfortunate as it is, he has never come into your life at all; but I should think that it would be well to practise a little mild deception, and be as demonstratively affectionate as you can. I should say he was the sort of man very much in need of outward affection."

There was a certain delicacy about his tone and words very pleasing to the young girl, who was exceedingly susceptible to outside influences.

She turned her lovely face with its pale curves and deep, wistful eyes upon him, and said, regretfully:

"Oh, I ought to have thought about this—but you do not know what it is not to have any of your really own people. Of course my grandmother was very kind, and I am fond of my uncles; but"—she shrugged her fair shoulders—"they would have strongly objected to the display of any affectionate emotions. Poor dear papa—oh, Mr. Lanford, somehow I never realized till this moment what a terribly lonely life he must have had. But I will be good to him. I'll just live for him—I am so grateful to you for having been so kind and attentive to him. I must go and pet him a little—I'm determined he shall be happy at last."

Gilbert smiled at her impetuosity, and was a little surprised at the brightness of her face, which a few moments before he had thought exquisitely lovely but a trifle sad and unhappy.

Years afterwards, when he had learnt to know it and love it as life's best treasure, he could accurately recall it at that moment. He followed her leisurely, thinking it would be best for her to meet her father alone. At the threshold he paused. There was a low, helpless cry, and the next moment he had entered, in time to catch Jenny's swaying form in his arms and to hear that most hopeless of all human expressions:

"Too late!"

But the old man lay, unheedful of his beloved Jenny's tears, in that calm stillness which no buffetings or storms can break.

TRUSTWORTHY PEOPLE.—We all know people who are eminently trustworthy. We all know those who are just as much the reverse. In the world of each of us exists the man or woman in whom we believe as in the sun that shines in the sky above—who is as faithful as the needle to the pole, as solid as the granite rock. If such a one promises a thing, we regard it as already done. Death, absence, new interests—nothing of all that sways a more fluid mind so much as changes the mere surface of this one's thoughts. The promise given will be kept in all circumstances and under all conditions. No personal advantage will weigh more than a grain of dust against the huge gold nugget of the plighted word. Ever has this solidity, this trustworthiness of character, been one of the ideal qualities of humanity.

Scientific and Useful.

LIQUID BLACKING.—This blacking is made by digesting in a closed vessel at a gentle heat and straining—lampblack one drachm, oil turpentine four drachms, methyl alcohol twelve ounces, shellac one and a half ounces, white turpentine five drachms, sandarac two drachms.

PLASTER CASTS.—Plaster casts may be made to resemble terra-cotta by painting them with whiting mixed with very thin French-polish tinged with Venetian red. If the surface is too shining, dilute with methylated spirit. Let the first coat dry before applying the second, which is usually sufficient to give very satisfactory results.

THE LAW OF WEATHER.—Simultaneous observations taken in all parts of the country show that nearly all great storms follow the same general direction, from west to east. The same is true of cold or hot waves. Therefore, to tell what the weather will be in advance, we have only to find out the condition prevailing west of us.

IN FOGGY WEATHER.—A new use for the electric light has been proposed as a help towards street traffic in the fog season. It is suggested that an incandescent light, fed from a battery in the vehicle behind the animal, should be placed on the forehead of a horse, so that a brilliant ray should be cast in front, as a protection to pedestrians.

CHAMOIS SKIN.—A good chamois-skin "takes hold" of the dirt upon glass, and makes the cleaning of windows and mirrors comparatively easy. Never use soap, but add a little ammonia, if anything, to the clear water, and wash with the chamois. Then rinse the chamois in clear water, wring it as dry as possible, and use to wipe with. It is easily done; the result is a clear, shining glass free from lint.

A NEW TEXTILE.—A new textile has been discovered in Russia on the borders of the Caspian Sea. The plant is called kanaff by the natives, and attains a height of ten feet. From it a chemist has obtained a textile matter which is soft, elastic, silky, gives a thread which is very tough, and can compete with any of the ordinary furnishing materials now in use. But it is particularly for making sacks, tarpaulin, ropes, etc., that this new textile, from its cheapness and extraordinary resisting power, might defy all competition.

Farm and Garden.

THE COWS.—Let the cows have what nice hay they will eat each morning before going to pasture, and keep up the grain feed. This will help to supply the nourishment the grass lacks.

MILKERS.—Never keep a poor milker as long as there is a possibility of getting something better. It is just as important to replace a poor cow with a better one as it is to get rid of a balky horse for one more serviceable.

EXERCISE.—Whether the cow will prove profitable or not by being given exercise is a question sometimes discussed, but that she will keep in better health and produce milk more wholesome by being allowed to have exercise cannot be denied.

CROPPING.—No lawn can stand cropping continually without a fertilizer. Wood ashes make the best fertilizer for lawns that abound largely in white clover, while all lawns are benefitted by a mixture of wood ashes and superphosphate. In the fall the lawn should be well dressed with fine stable manure.

PROGRESS.—The farmers' progress may be judged by his manure heap. The careful and judicious farmer takes advantage of every opportunity, not only to have and save as much manure as possible, but he aims to prevent loss of volatile matter. In the management of the manure heap depends the profit or loss.

PLASTER.—Plaster has been found to be an excellent fertilizer for nearly all kinds of crops, and the best results have been obtained when the plaster is mixed with stable manure. It not only preserves the manure while it is in the heap but serves to provide the plants with lime in a soluble form as well as attracting moisture.

THE BEST.—The milk from cows fed on wholesome grain and good pasturage is of better quality for food than that from stall-fed animals that are permitted to eat refuse from granaries and factories without regard to breed. Choice breeds to produce a choice article must be provided with food of the very best quality for that purpose.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116,000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150,000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12x16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

On Happiness.

It is not more true that one man's meat is poison to his neighbor, than that what constitutes this one's happiness would or does make that one's misery.

Given a man whose meat and drink it is to collect, to accumulate, to be careful of—be it a museum or a money bag, and ten to one his heir will find his pleasure, or his pleasures, necessitate the dispersion of the same, piecemeal or wholesale.

This one finds the drama of life insupportably dull unless he is tearing through the scenes at a hand-gallop; while that one shrinks from the slightest exertion, as if a shake would shiver the tender fabric of his existence.

Here is a man rising early, and so late taking rest, eating the bread of carefulness in order to have the satisfaction of providing a shelter for his old age; and there a man, to resolutely bent on indulging his own delight in idleness to exert himself even to provide to morrow's meal for his little children.

At one period, a man of genius tells us that happiness is our being's end and aim, and men believe him; at another period, a new prophet arises who tells us that men are not—because they are not meant to be—happy; that the fulfilment of duty is their only legitimate aim; and he in his turn is believed.

In effect, there is but little fundamental difference in the philosopher's recommendation of duty in order that peace may ensue, and the poet's commendation of virtue as the only sure path to happiness.

It is a singular but unquestionable fact that happiness is so difficult of recognition while present; we feel that it has been most acutely when, like health, we have to support the want of it.

"Ah happy, if your happiness ye know," is as true on the one hand, as on the other is the unconsciousness which too often accompanies a brief season of happiness.

And yet nothing can be more destructive of happiness, as a thoughtful writer assures us, than the self-seeking of a conscious search after happiness.

Watch a little child at play, and you see an unconsciously happy human being. But not all childhood is happy. Every mother, or nursery governess to a large family, knows the sulky, sullen memoer of the nursery, who has already discovered that life is not worth living, and who does his utmost to compel his otherwise happy little brothers and sisters to be one with him on this point.

But even this misanthrope, if he come to old age—though he may resent the idea of being willing to live his life over again—will probably be ready to live, say, six months longer; and this at a time of life when he can scarcely anticipate, reasonably, more ease of body, less inertia of mind. A very triumph, this, of hope over experience.

To be able to look back on a well-spent day cheers and calms us for our approaching rest; while to be able to look back on a well spent life is to possess in the evening of our days a source of content which Fate itself cannot snatch from our grasp.

Bacon places the purest of human pleasures in a garden; but beyond this pleasure, pure and lasting as we acknowledge it to be, we must reckon the soul's calm sunshine felt in one approving hour, when by our conduct we have been enabled to conduce to the comfort of a single human being.

Wealth, honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, all these, and a thousand other good gifts that help to make a man happy, he rejoices over, but with trembling, knowing full well how fragile is his tenure of them: when our soul's content is not absolute, then follows most surely a haunting fear of what shall succeed in unknown fate. But let us take courage; "To bear is to conquer our fate;" and after all, men can live on a very small modicum of happiness, for they can survive and smile after "consummate shame, in the profoundest desolation of mind and soul, in abject poverty, in noisome dungeons; by nobly persevering, they live on, and live through it all."

Moreover, it is the body that warms the clothes, not the clothes the body; and, in the words of one of our great teachers, "the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and uneasy soul."

As Burns tells us, if happiness have not her seat and centre in the breast, we never can be blessed.

It behoves us to lay hold of every offered chance of happiness, whether it be in watching and tending the growth of a rose, a lily, a tree, or better still, a human soul; counting ourselves happy if we can help forward any of the beauty and goodness in this world; happy while we possess the present moment's actual power to perceive an outward universe of consummate beauty, if of inscrutable design; and to apprehend an inward world of love and reverence.

IT is comparatively easy to do one important act of benevolence, but to continue day by day and year after year showing interest in others by what appear insignificant acts demands protracted effort. To consider the troubles of those around us and try to alleviate them, to be neighborly, in the widest sense of the word, to those among whom we dwell, yet not to neglect our homes or our social relations—all these take time and energy; but in the performance lie happiness and a cure for that unrest which preys on the unoccupied.

You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished, but when burning coals are scattered you can not pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad things and unpleasant things is underground.

EVERY man is a missionary now and for ever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world; but a blank he cannot be. We are either the power that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, or the salt that silently operates.

THE persons who pose for earnestness—and they are not few—are bores; but they who have forgotten themselves in true and earnest devotion to noble ideals in humanity are our inspirers as well as guides. They are the men and women who not only interest society, but who make society; they are the poles around which society centres.

HE who can govern himself can control others. An irritable man, whom any one can excite, is like a horse kept at livery, ridden by every one, and spurred by each rider. Nobody is so little his own master as he who can be stirred at another's will. Anybody can eject him from his castle.

AN act of injustice, small in itself it may be, but performed when the youthful mind is most open to impression, may exert a lasting influence. The immediate influence of the act may be comparatively small; but in its remote consequences it may give character to the life.

MANY arts and sciences are more easily acquired late in life than a good manner. If people are to behave well, they must be taught early so to behave—a practice that demands unceasing sacrifices of minute personal liking to the general pleasure and convenience.

To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct either by the censure of the one or the admonitions of the other.

THE policy of right doing cannot be doubted. Every intelligent man and woman must see that in nearly every instance it pays richly and fully for whatever labor and self sacrifice it may involve.

LET us beware of losing our enthusiasm Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.

The World's Happenings.

The white of an egg, with a little water, is good for an irritable stomach.

"Caboose," a prison; "picaroon," a pirate; "palaver," to talk—are all Spanish.

A California paper tells of strawberries so large that "five berries made a square meal."

Emperor William has issued a decree permitting military officers to ride their own horses in races.

Mrs. A. Morrow, of Denver, attempted to start a fire with kerosene. Her two children were buried with her.

The hands in a New York sugar refinery are supplied with beer for which they are charged 4 cents a pound.

An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface nearly two square feet, or a fall of 100 tons upon an acre.

The Persians have shoes made of wood and richly inlaid, which are really raised platforms with a strap across the front of the toes.

Mr. Peck, the Mayor of Milwaukee, has a habit of prowling around the city in the small hours of the night to see that everything is all right.

Smoothing irons are of late invention. In the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, large stones inscribed with texts of Scripture were used for ironing.

The wife of a baronet has appeared in the Row (London) in the regular hour riding astride. Her dress was a divided skirt, rather longer than the habit now fashionable.

It has been lately shown that if two coins be placed on opposite sides of a plate of glass and electrified for two minutes they will leave a perfect image of themselves upon the glass.

Mrs Maria Beers, 102 years old, of Cheshire, Conn., can repeat without a break, it is said, lines of poetry she learned 75 years ago, and she can write her name without the aid of spectacles.

The man upon whom the woman fell when jumping from the tower of Notre Dame a couple of weeks ago died of his internal injuries after having been discharged from the Paris Hospital as all right.

A prisoner who escaped from the Tattnall county (Fla.) jail recently, left a note for the Sheriff, saying he was innocent, but that he would be back in October to stand trial, and hoped to be acquitted.

The treasurer of St. Clair county, Mich., received an envelope recently containing $100 in money. It was from some conscience-stricken man, and the only explanation enclosed was the fact that the money wasn't his.

There is a craze for cooking schools in England and Scotland. In England the prices range from $50 to $100 for 20 lessons, according to the grade of cooking, while in Scotland they are given by the dozen as low as 50 cents to $1.

The influenza was not wholly an ill wind. On account of its sway the beef extract companies have been unusually successful, one company having lately declared a dividend of 6 per cent. in addition to a bonus of 19 per cent.

Drs. Gorham and Stephens have just extracted a tooth for J. E. McKenney, of Woolwich, Me., which is said to be the longest human tooth on record. It is an eye-tooth, and measures one and nine-sixteenth inches in length.

Every street leading out of Malden, Mass., is guarded, and every team going out of town is inspected. This condition of things is due to the pest called the gypsy moth, which is rapidly devouring the leaves. The citizens are fighting it.

A use for flowers that was novel, if not altogether new, was made on a train at Jersey City by a convict. He carried a huge bouquet in his hand to hide the handcuffs which encircled his wrists. He was being taken to serve out his sentence.

A little chicken, which, though healthy and flourishing, will always have to be fed by human hands, attracts attention in North Plainfield, N. J. The upper half of its bill is rolled back in a tight ball between the eyes. The lower half is natural and perfect.

"The Colonial Dames of America" is the name of a new society composed of women who are descendents, in their own persons, of some citizen who established his residence in America prior to 1776, and rendered worthy service in the building up of our country.

A very new and unique variety is the Shakspeare bangle, which is a thin band of old silver with an appropriate quotation from the great master printed in small letters as a decoration. These quotations are of a very sentimental nature, and are used by bashful lovers.

A funeral was in progress at Hickin Grove Church, near Dashville, Mo., the other day, when lightning struck a barbed wire fence to which many horses were tied, knocking 21 to the ground and killing 4. Mrs. Robert Higirle, in the church, was shocked insensible and badly burned about the face.

The Salvation Army in Paris has been reinforced by a Salvation Navy. A church boat floats on the river Seine, near the Pont de la Concorde. The "floating temple," as the Parisians call it, has been named the "Herald of Mercy." In the hall amidship there is accomodation for two hundred persons.

At Rome, Ga., while a horse was loose in the stable one of his hind feet got caught in his mouth. It is supposed that the animal was rubbing the flies from his nose with his hind foot, when by accident the foot passed into the mouth. After he had struggled fearfully the owner found him and got the foot out.

A widow, of Miller county, Mo., who lives on a farm, gave another woman $15 to secure her a husband. The man was secured and warranted all right in every respect, but the next morning after the marriage he licked his bride, stole $60 she had saved up, and in the night silently stole away to No Man's Land, and now there are two women in that neighborhood who don't speak to each other.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Under our feet the green, green grass,
Full of dishes and clover sweet;
And all day long the shadows pass
To and fro where the branches meet.

Under our feet the spangled bloom,
As merry-hearted we laugh and play,
Drunk, like the bees, with the rose-perfume,
Blithe and glad as the Summer day.

Over our heads the green, green grass,
Where the silver dews and the raindrops weep;
And even the dearest steps may pass,
And never waken us out of sleep.

Over our heads the spangled bloom
Where the merry children laugh and play;
Oh, the inevitable doom!
Oh, the end of the Summer day!

Violet's Lovers.

BY A. Y. R.

WELL, I am rejoiced to hear it," exclaimed Nigel Hayward, with a sigh of relief. "Poor, dear George, a wife is the very thing he wants!"

"And such a girl as he describes!" he went on presently, smiling involuntarily. "I wonder, though, what she could see in George; but I suppose engaged couples always view each other through rose-colored spectacles." This time he sighed again almost regretfully.

He could not help casting a glance round his neat bachelor-like study. There were tall, upright chairs, rows of books against the walls, and a half-written sermon on the desk. He had never felt dissatisfied with it before; but to-night, after reading that letter, something seemed lacking—the touch, perhaps, of a woman's hand.

Nigel Hayward had led rather a lonely life; but his days were so filled up, that he had, indeed, scarcely time to be conscious of the fact.

During the past five years—spent in an East London curacy—and still more, now, in this new living, which brought responsibility of a different nature, he was too busy for such thoughts, only to-night, after reading his friend's letters over again, he was conscious that, perhaps, after all, he had missed something.

George Landon appeared so very happy. True, he himself had been happy too, because his heart was in his work.

The living of Saint Clement's, which had just been presented to him, was indeed, though not valuable in itself, proverbially recognized in the diocese as the stepping-stone to greater things. His beautiful voice qualified him for a minor canonry at the Cathedral; while his friends prophesied he would not stop there.

But Mr. Hayward thought very little of the future.

From the very beginning he shrank instinctively from the oliquey society of the cathedral town. He took life simply and in earnest, and confessed that he did not care for such things; while the marriageable young ladies and even their mothers, divined in an instant that Mr. Hayward, though very charming and delightful, was different from the other clergy they came across.

And then his eye fell on the concluding sentence of the letter: "You won't refuse me this one request, old fellow, you will come over to Neale Bay and see Violet. Mother says—and I am quite sure she is right—you must need a holiday; you were always a favorite with her. I have been telling Violet all about you——"

"Violet!" echoed Nigel, aloud. "What a pretty name!"

Somehow, the name, and its sweet musical ring, rang in his ears all the evening.

Presently he sat down to the unfinished sermon, but could with difficulty resume the broken thread. The strange feeling of discontent came back. He felt as though he had lost his youth, and were growing preternaturally old.

He could not forbear glancing at himself in the looking-glass over the mantel piece.

It was a close shaven, delicately-chiselled face, the hair slightly waving and worn rather long, eyes which produced the impression of black, though, in reality, dark-blue, a face which possessed a nameless attraction, and bore unconscious testimony of earnest purpose.

But there were deep lines around the mouth and the cheeks were pale and rather thin.

"Perhaps they are right, I do need a change," thought Nigel. "It is a long while since I took a holiday. There is no reason why I should not go. I want to see poor George, and—and—I might work better afterwards."

He sat down and began to write the answer at once.

The thought of sea air and country seemed tempting, in the almost unendurable heat.

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The letter found its way on to a very pretty breakfast table set in a pleasant bay window. Around the table were sitting an elderly lady, with a soft, good tempered face; a young man, a plain reproduction of the mother; and a girl of about twenty. The latter was the first to speak, and the letter was the subject of her remark.

"What nice writing, George; so clear, you can read every word."

"Ah, Violet, I know you will like him. He is a capital fellow."

"A most estimable young man," Mrs. Landon added, in her provokingly even voice, "and quite an orator. No doubt he will preach for Mr. Sayle, and then you will hear him, my dear."

"You both praise him so much," laughed Violet, "that I almost wonder whether I shall dislike him. He must be a paragon, and paragons are not always nice to live with."

It was one of the peculiarities of mother and son that they were slow to take in a joke. George eyed her rather perplexed. Even though they were engaged, and even when what he had looked forward to and longed for all his life had really come to pass, Violet sometimes puzzled him.

If George often could not understand Violet, she, herself, was still more aware than he was of the fact.

She supposed when they were married it would be different.

They were engaged so short a time, and had neither of them quite recovered from the first glamor. Every one seemed, Violet thought, almost more pleased than herself, from her guardian and George's mother down to the very servants of the family.

Violet Court had been left an orphan when still a baby. Her father and mother had both fallen victims to fever in a far-off African station, leaving their little daughter to be sent home to England.

Mrs. Landon was a distant connection, so that Violet had spent all her holidays, and practically made her home, at Bramble Grange.

All the time George Landon, though nobody took much notice of it, had been her devoted slave, and now, when rather suddenly he had asked her to marry him, and really become one of the family, it had seemed the most natural thing in the world.

Violet found it very nice to have some one to take care of her, even although "poor George," as she always thought of him, was not quite like other people.

He was so slow at catching an idea; so terribly unromantic and matter-of fact, and—and—every girl has her own little dream of an ideal lover.

But then there was scope for her to improve him. Violet, who drew most of her impressions from books, had frequently read that women did improve the most uninteresting of husbands.

And, of course, in a way, he was clever, though it was just that cleverness that does not make a mark in the world. Violet had a great admiration for intellect—but for the trained and cultured intellect of the century.

Mere capacity, weakened, as George's, by a long course of desultory reading, did not commend itself in her eyes.

She was as womanly for her age as he was boyish and undeveloped; she had act where he was constantly blundering. Besides, Mrs. Landon had grown wonderfully fond of the girl; there was something sweet and natural about her, which won hearts even more than the pretty face.

Mrs Landon had a touch of sentimentality in her composition. She liked to watch the two wandering together over the sands, while she sat high up under the rocks. It brought back her own youth.

Violet used to sketch sky, sea, boats, and bay—anything that struck her accustomed eye; and George was never tired of watching her. She handled the brushes so deftly that he was lost in admiration, for Violet was one of those people who do every well.

He never discovered the beauty of Neale Bay, the golden patches in the water, the sunbeams through the mist, the pathetic strength in the faces of the fisherwomen, until Violet's fingers reproduced it on canvas.

Even then the discovery only dawned upon him gradually, because he had never been accustomed to look out for loveliness. His intercourse with Violet, this new aspect of everyday things, was to George Landon like an awakening.

"You will like Nigel so much," George had been saying for the hundredth time one sunny morning, as Violet sat, surrounded by tall, white lilies. She had been painting, as usual, and the palette and brushes were still in her hand.

George had scarcely uttered the words when Mr. Hayward himself suddenly walked in upon them.

They had not expected him till later in the day; but, however, he had managed to catch an earlier train. Somehow, for the moment, in the excitement of his arrival, Violet was forgotten. She sat among the scattered flowers, awaiting her turn. At last Nigel looked away from the others to her, he was curious, for George's sake, to see what she would be like.

He felt a little sorry—vaguely, of course—for the girl who was going to be George's wife.

For recognizing George's good qualities, he was equally conscious of his faults, of a great want of developement, an uncultured side of his friend's mind.

He saw a bent golden head.

"This is Miss Court," said Mrs. Landon. "Why, Violet dear, I had forgotten you!"

"She is like a flower herself," thought Nigel, as he looked from her to the lilies, and back again at her, and somehow she reminded him of a little, lost, bright-haired sister who had died in his childhood.

Nigel was not a man to be struck by pretty faces, yet every detail of her surroundings remained with him—the sunlight flooding the pleasant room, the mealy, scattered gold of the lilies' cups, every little gesture of George's, the way he sat down, and his short, abrupt sentences were engraven indelibly upon Nigel Hayward's memory.

Usually he was so ready to make allowances, but in that fragrant atmosphere he felt out of tune. His friend jarred upon him perpetually. He could not help wondering whether Violet was conscious, too, of his growing dissatisfaction, whether she was satisfied herself?

It was a most unreasoning thought, Nigel drove it away with an effort, and, endeavored to behave as usual, but his eyes kept wandering away to the further window.

When Nigel took his leave, he had never spoken to her, scarcely looked at her beside that once, yet he carried away a never-to-be-forgotten memory of her face, the deep sheen of her hair, the likeness to his little sister who had worn that self same smile.

* * * * * *

The presence of Nigel Hayward made a new element in their life at Neale Bay. From the time of his coming, Violet was conscious of a vague sense of unrest. The doubt grew upon her whether it were well to accept George's unwavering affection, when she herself had so little to give in return.

She considered the question all ways, and came to the conclusion that other girls loved more when they were engaged. And then—astonishing discovery!—she became certain that in those first early days she had cared more.

Violet was very inexperienced; this engagement seemed only a little while ago to have made life quite plain and simple to her, yet here she was, involved in fresh difficulties. There seemed no way of drawing back. She scarce knew if—had there been—she would have had decision enough to take it.

Once, however, half in fun, with nevertheless, a grave undercurrent of earnestness, she did say to George that she was not good enough to be his wife; and then they had ended by both laughing over it as a joke.

George's puzzled bewilderment had quite destroyed her gravity. Still, Violet did not feel any nearer being satisfied, and the trouble grew upon her daily—a rather vague, undefined distress, which she hardly could put into words even to herself.

One Sunday evening Nigel preached a sermon for Mr. Sayle, who proved to be an old college friend. As Violet listened, the thought dawned quite suddenly upon her that this man, who was so much in earnest, who did not take life lightly like everybody else, who, besides, was George's friend, could help her.

She understood more than ever now, while his clear utterances, in which there seemed no fault or flaw, fell upon her ears, how it was that that early friendship approached, on George's side, almost to idolatry.

Chance appeared to favor her idea. They came out together into the dusk, stumbling over grassy mounds. Mrs. Landon was tired, anxious to reach home. She took George's arm, while Violet volunteered to wait for Nigel. When he came down the dark church and out into the star-lit night, he found her standing in the little porch alone.

"The others have gone on," she explained. "Aunt May was rather done up. We shall soon overtake them."

Nigel was very silent, and cold to a degree.

"Is he vexed with me?" Violet wondered, "or only thinking still of his sermon?"

They passed, side by side, among the graves and along the cliff.

It was a perfect night—the moonlight lay in broad patches below on the sea, the furze bushes threw sharp, defined shadows, rarely seen except in clearer foreign atmospheres—and Nigel could not suppress a wild, tumultuous joy at the fact of sharing the beauty of it all with her alone.

At last, Violet began, rather hesitatingly. It had appeared easy enough a minute ago. Still, she must not waste the opportunity, for, already in front she discovered the two other figures.

"Mr. Hayward," she said, "there is something I wanted to ask you. I am troubled with a great difficulty, like you spoke of just now; and perhaps you could advise me. I wonder whether I love George Landon enough to be his wife!"

Nigel gave a low, suppressed exclamation, but did not speak. His face changed visibly in the moonlight.

"I know," Violet went on, gaining courage, "it is perhaps wrong of me—I, who ought to be the happiest girl in the world; I dreamt once—we all dream such dreams you know—of—of—a different sort of a man. Life is so very difficult, and I am afraid at times whether I do love him enough."

Again Nigel was silent; his face turned away.

He knew quite well that she did not love George Landon in the best and highest fashion; and yet, alas! what could he do, seeing he was George's friend?

Violet felt sure now he was angry; her face overshadowed.

"I have vexed you," she said, deprecatingly. "You think it very wrong? Of course you are George's friend."

"Yes," he echoed, and his voice had changed as well as his face, and grown strangely tempestuous, "I am George's friend."

Something about him, in gesture rather than word, almost frightened her. She gave a faint shiver, though it was so warm.

Nigel bent forward, drew the thin shawl tighter round her shoulders with a strange, tender severity, and at that little kindness her fear died away.

"You think I ought not to feel any doubt?" she pursued, still uncertainly!

Nigel turned towards her once more. His tone sounded quite natural, and very calm.

"Child, that is a question every woman can only answer for herself. I, as you say, am George's friend. I know all the sterling worth in him; I, least of any one, am able to judge. Yet people's faults are of different sorts, and perhaps his are what we might call surface ones."

He spoke now to counsel and advise, as he might to his own sister; and he went on to tell of little incidents in George's life, touches of real feeling, peeps of the undercurrent of worth breaking upward.

He talked so calmly, and was so much himself, that Violet began to fancy that the suppressed emotion, the choked passion of his previous utterances, must have been the result of her own fevered imagination.

Still she did say, when he broke off:

"Then you are not angry with me for speaking? I would not like to vex George's friend."

"I could never be angry with you," replied Nigel in a smothered tone. "Whatever happens, remember that, whatever I appear to be hereafter."

And then he hurried her on abruptly, with unreasoning speed to overtake the other two.

Violet felt herself somehow unnerved by what had passed. She made some excuse to go to bed, and sat a long time by the window of her room in the moonlight.

Looking at it in all ways, how strange, how very strange he had been that night! had she unwittingly grieved or hurt him? She could not bear to imagine such a thing. And yet he had said distinctly that he was not angry, that he never would be with her. It was wild, illogical, yet her heart throbbed unnaturally at the idea. The mere possibility of his anger would have made her miserable.

I don't know how it was, but sitting there in the white moonlight that Sunday night, it came upon her with a great rush that, since Nigel joined them at Neale Bay, she herself had changed.

She shivered again, in spite of the hot summer night. She knew that the one man she might have loved with her whole heart was hopelessly and utterly shut off from her; that even supposing he, too, cared, he was bound by the most sacred ties of honor and friendship never to betray the fact.

It was possible—nay, probable that during her future life as George's wife, she would be frequently thrown into contact with him, would have to listen to the sound of his voice, and never own that it was sweet.

And she was bound—hopelessly, irretrievably bound. There were only a few more weeks to run out, and they would return to town for the wedding.

Violet's was not a very strong nature, she shrank from anything like vigorous effort; she would rather go on, painful and wrong though it was, than resist her guardians, Mrs. Landon and George.

She wished vaguely that Nigel would go away, that her old self might return, and that she could forget they had ever met.

The very same thought occurred to Nigel himself. Would it not be better for him to go away? Excuses came plentifully enough; his parish alone afforded sufficient pies.

And yet, a vision of her face floated back. Was it, could it be necessary for him to go if he chose to stay? The pain was all his own, and should be till the end.

She was indifferent enough to him, for, had she been otherwise, would she have then sought his advice? No, she thought of him only as George's friend.

And he decided to stay another week, at least, so he kept on his rooms, and wrote to make arrangements for his Sunday duty. Another week, and then he would go back to his work and forget this pleasant summer holiday.

Violet seemed a little more reserved, Nigel fancied, with them all. She had developed a fancy for being alone, and often started off to sketch immediately after lunch by herself. George acquiesced in this arrangement, and Mrs. Landon only remonstrated feebly.

It was wonderful how little in the way of results Violet had to show for those long, solitary hours. She used to sit on the rocks with her color-box spread open, and the paper stretched ready on her lap, gazing at the sea in a dreamy, indifferent sort of a way.

Every day, which was in itself so long, was hurrying her nearer the end, and every day made her life more difficult.

Once she thought of writing to her favorite guardian, Colonel Tristam; but his regiment was in India, and it would be three weeks before the letter could reach, and three more before she could hope to receive an answer.

The other guardian, a confirmed old bachelor—who was anxious to rid himself of the responsibility of a young girl—aided and abetted the marriage more than any one else.

Poor Violet always ended by feeling more hopeless and undecided than ever. She drooped and flagged a little—with the heat, Mrs. Landon averred.

"I wish the weather would change," remarked George's mother one night, as they sat round the soft, lamp-lit table in the window. "It is quite unbearable."

The dusk had fallen, and Violet had not yet returned. Her altered looks had been the subject of conversation.

"Do you think she—she is ill?" broke out George Landon, abruptly, turning almost fiercely on his mother. The languid little woman drew herself together.

"My dear boy, don't be so—so energetic. There is nothing serious the matter, only I don't approve of these sketching expeditions."

George heaved a smothered sigh of relief.

By and-by, as Violet did not return, Mrs. Landon grew uneasy.

Nigel, who had sauntered in to tea with them, shared her apprehensions. A sort of foreboding fell upon them all.

He and George started off in search of the truant; Nigel choosing the shore, while George walked inland along a road Violet frequently took.

The night was fast growing windy, and great clouds rolled together in the west.

Nigel strode on, reckless of the advancing tide, his feet sinking deep in the sand at every step.

He rounded one point after another until he began to think Violet had chosen the other road. After all, it was only some vague instinct which had guided him along the shore.

One more point loomed ahead. He determined to reach that, and then, if he caught no sign of her, to turn back.

On he stumbled in the dusk. The headland seemed very far away, much farther than it looked.

He knew the stealthy waves were gaining on him fast. He heard their low sob, but still hastened on regardless.

At last he turned the corner. There was a sheltered, sandy cove, running deep into the land between two arms of cliff, and amongst the rocks stood Violet, apparently unconscious of danger.

Her pretty white dress had been torn, and she was pinning it up.

Nigel sprang to her side.

"Make haste," he cried, "don't stay to gather up your——"

And then he paused abruptly. It was too late, the waves had already closed up the way of escape upon the side he had entered.

He sprang across to the other edge. Alas! It was even now shut in by the creeping tide. Then he went back to where Violet stood, startled, dazed, but still unconscious.

His face was very white, and for the moment he could not speak.

"What is the matter?" she asked, inquiringly. "I know I am late; it seemed such a long way home. Did you come to look for me, Mr. Hayward? We will make haste back."

Involuntarily Nigel took her hand.

"It is too late," he said. "We cannot get back."

"Not get back!" echoed Violet.

Nigel pointed towards the darkening sea.

"The tide has come up. We cannot get round the point."

"Do you mean we shall have to stay here till—till it goes down again?" enquired Violet, with a feeble laugh.

Nigel took hold of her other hand. This was almost more than he could bear—to have to tell her such a cruel thing.

"Dear," he said, and he had not courage to look at her as he spoke, "I fear we shall neither of us ever go back again."

For a moment there was perfect silence, save for the sobbing waves, then a more tempestuous breaker than the rest broke at their feet. Instinctively they both drew back, and it seemed then as if she understood.

"Do you mean we are going to die?" she whispered, in a hushed, awe-struck voice, "you and I here alone?"

They were both holding hands still, and Nigel found courage to look at her at last.

"Yes," he said. "That—that is what I mean."

"But can't we climb up the cliff?" she interrupted, eagerly, struck by the fresh idea. "I am such a good climber, Mr. Hayward."

"No," he returned, glancing at the steep, unkindly surface. "Impossible! No one could scale that height without men and ropes."

After that she did not speak for some time, and he had not the heart to disturb her.

Silently he made her sit down on the rocks beyond the reach of the waves.

"It is terrible," at last she said, with a shudder, as the spray touched their faces.

He drew her back further under the shelter of the cliff. He wrapt his coat over her thin dress with that old tender severity.

Then he spoke without preface of any sort:

"I love you, Violet! Perhaps you might have grown to love me, too. Ah! dear, the world is wrong for us both."

But Violet lifted her face to his, her voice clear and unfaltering.

She played her part in the strange scene with a sense of wild, throbbing pain. She was possessed with a passionate feeling that she must tell him all before it was too late.

"I began to care, too, from—from the very beginning. There is no harm in saying so now we are going to die."

It was so much easier, now death seemed close, to speak the truth. The black stain of treachery appeared far removed.

Violet had clung to him convulsively at the first cool splash of water round their feet. Her hat had fallen off, her hair swept his cheek.

"Dear," he went on, "do you remember that day—the first day I ever saw you, Violet? You were sitting in the sunshine, with lilies in your hand. Dear, you almost reminded me of a lily yourself, with your bright hair——"

But Violet was sobbing passionately upon his shoulder.

He kissed and soothed her as he would have done a child.

"I cared then," he added, when her sobs grew softer, "even when I knew you belonged to George. It cannot be wrong for us to talk it over now."

Violet cried softly.

In spite of all her troubles, the world had been a very happy one to her on the whole. In some things she was still almost a child; and death seemed very terrible, even with one she loved.

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The night grew darker. There was water now up to their knees. Nigel felt as though they were being drawn down wards by the rising waves.

He spoke to Violet once, and she did not answer. She had fainted, and hung upon him like a leaden weight.

He began to feel as though his knees must soon fail him. He tried to shout, but his voice was hoarse and feeble. What use for the effort; who was there to hear? But then, even then, came a moving speck of light on the dark sea nearer and nearer, as though skirting the coast.

Nigel gathered up his failing strength. He shouted till he could shout no longer, and answering shouts came back over the water.

They were saved.

* * * * * *

The first person who stretched out his hand from the boat was George Landon.

Violet was apparently unconscious; but she still lay in Nigel's arms, moaning a little faintly when they tried to move her.

"Let her be," said Nigel, beseechingly; to George. "Let us humor her in this."

So they rowed homeward through the grey, chilly night, Violet lying upon his breast. George watched them in the stern of the boat. He was naturally slow of thought. He did not grasp things perhaps so quickly as most people; and yet he saw the way Nigel looked down upon the white face.

Somehow it dawned upon him that she did not belong to him as before.

Nigel did not relinquish his burden till she was lying on her own bed. Then he stooped down before them all, and kissed her brow.

So many strange events had been hurried into one night, that no one seemed surprised at the action. But George, standing somewhat apart, saw it, and knew that Violet was his no more.

They told him at last that she was sleeping tranquilly enough, and would take no harm.

So he sat in his rather bare-looking room alone, the grey, morning light streaming in. He was still dazed with that look, that kiss, stupified as it were by an unexpected shock.

Naturally slow-headed, and not very quick of perception, the fact broke upon him but slowly. But once knowing, he did not hesitate; slow natures are often at critical times most decisive. Right and wrong stand out to them in distinctive colors as self-deception. George drew towards him pen and paper, and wrote in a steady, unfaltering hand two letters—one to Violet, the other to Nigel Hayward. He did it gravely, and with steadfast determination.

It did not seem to him anything like an act of heroism, but rather right and just that he who had always been to him like a god among men should have Violet for his own.

So he wrote to Violet more like some elder brother, that he thought it was better their engagement should end; that he himself had a fancy to go away for a few years and see something of the world; and would she and Nigel take care of his mother?

While to Nigel he said, he was sure he would make Violet a better husband than himself.

That morning, when Mrs. Landon came down, after a few hours' sleep, she found George walking restlessly about the dining-room.

"Mother," he began, in his odd, awkward way, "mother, I am going away. I—I have broken off my engagement with Violet."

Mrs. Langdon sank back into a chair with an exclamation of horror.

The events of the past few hours seemed more than she could comprehend. There was poor Violet, not recovered from the effects of her adventure, calmly thrown over by George!

"But Violet—Violet won't like it!" she exclaimed, utterly bewildered.

"Violet will have plenty of people to care for her without me, mother. She will marry Nigel."

Mrs. Landon gave another gasp, and appeared on the verge of hysterics.

George poured out a cup of tea, and brought it over to her.

"Believe me, mother," he added, almost beseechingly, as she drank it, "it is the best thing for both of us. Don't say any more. I was never good enough for Violet."

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In relating the events afterwards, Mrs. Landon never could explain the matter clearly.

All she could say was, that suddenly, quite suddenly, almost without saying good bye, her son made up his mind to go abroad. He talked of Switzerland, and ended in Australia, leaving his friend, Mr. Hayward, to marry Violet.

Mrs. Landon could not but cherish feelings of anger for George, who thus reversed all her favorite plans. She regarded Violet in the light of an injured person, and wondered audibly how she and Nigel arranged things so easily between themselves. Only, she was sure, because both were so good and accommodating.

Even they themselves, in the midst of their new opening world, did not fully understand.

"Here never cared for me, really," Violet used to say, with a laugh and a shrug of her pretty shoulders, "poor George! or he would not have given we up so easily.

The Butterfly.

BY S. U. W.

WHEN Mrs. Walsingham lost the diamond butterfly which her husband had given her on the first anniversary of their wedding day, she was naturally much perturbed by her loss.

For two seasons Mrs. Walsingham's butterfly had been an absorbing topic of conversation, whenever pretty Mrs. Walsingham herself happened to be present, and on more than one occasion it had attracted the admiring attention of Royalty.

And now the butterfly was lost! The world—or rather such portion of it as was crowded into the Court Theatre on that disastrous night—had seen the jewelled insect flashing and scintillating in Mrs. Walsingham's pretty brown hair all the time of the performance. But when husband and wife stood in the light of their own hall lamp, the former had uttered an exclamation of dismay,

The butterfly was gone!

Everything had been done that is usual in such cases. The Colonel had looked carefully in the carriage, and had made a thorough examination of each separate fold of his wife's dress.

Next morning he had gone off to the theatre and had himself searched the box in which they had been sitting. Then, with commendable prudence, he had cautioned his wife against speaking about her loss, even to the servants, and in the advertisement in which he offered a considerable reward for the recovery of the missing trinket, he had described it as "a jewelled insect (PASTE), valuable to the owner, because specially designed for the Polish wife of Prince Boris Ivanvitch, when she secretly sold the Ivanvitch diamonds to supply her compatriots with funds for a revolutionary uprising."

The Colonel was very pleased with the wording of this advertisement, and read it aloud with a great deal of complacency to his wife.

Mrs. Walsingham was not quite so pleased as her husband. She objected to the slight put upon her cherished possession by describing it as paste, and the aristocratic flavor of its mythical history did not console her.

"Even if I do get it back," she murmured plaintively, "I shan't care to wear it if everybody imagines it is paste."

When, however, the Colonel pointed out that he had referred the public in the first instance to a neighboring stationer's, and that there was nothing whatever in the advertisement to suggest to a captious world that Mrs. Walsingham's famous butterfly was in question, she was greatly impressed by her husband's cleverness.

That evening the Walsinghams did not dine out, but had a cosy tete-a-tete dinner at home, so as to be on the spot if anyone came with news of the stolen jewel.

"Not that I am at all sanguine," said the Colonel, as he thoughtfully peeled a banana. "If the thief had happened to be a stray pickpocket, we might hope to see the 'fly' again. It's more likely, though, that the vagabond who has the thing now had his eye on it for some time past."

But even as he spoke the solemn butler came softly in.

"A person to see you, sir," he announced, deferentially; "he won't give his name, but he says Foster (the stationer) has sent him, and that you will know all about it."

Mrs. Walsingham gave a little start of delight, and the Colonel could scarcely conceal his excitement. "Show him in here, Bailey," he said quickly; "it is someone we are expecting."

The butler withdrew, and in a few seconds ushered in a slight, gentlemanly-looking man, with sharp grey eyes and smooth face.

"Colonel Walsingham, I believe?" began the stranger, taking with easy self-possession the chair which the Colonel indicated at the far end of the table.

The Colonel assented. "You have come, I presume——"

"To give information about some lost property of yours. Precisely."

"Have you found it?" queried Mrs. Walsingham eagerly.

"Well, that's just what I wish to ascertain," said the stranger suavely. "My name is Sawder, Fred Sawder, late of Scotland Yard," he continued, turning to the Colonel. "I'm a detective, and a few hours back I came across a piece of jewelry answering to your description."

"You don't mean to say so?" cried the Colonel excitedly. "Where did you find it?"

"Well, it's a long story," said Mr. Sawder, deliberately, "and brings in matters which are, so to speak, professional secrets at present. But there—the whole account will be in the papers to-morrow, so there's no harm in my telling you."

Both the Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham waited anxiously for him to go on, and after a few seconds' pause, he was graciously pleased to do so, pointedly addressing himself now to Mrs. Walsingham.

"Of course, madam, you have heard of the great Fenton Court robbery?"

Mrs. Walsingham made a motion of assent.

"Er—well—the fact is, to-day I had the good fortune to recover nearly all that stolen jewelry. I had just telegraphed to Mr. Fenton to come up and identify the things to-morrow."

"You have got back the diamonds?"

"Everything, madam, as far as we can tell.

"Tell us all about it," commanded Mrs. Walsingham in her pretty, imperious manner, while her husband's face seconded her request.

"Ou, well, there's not much to tell, ma'am. From information received, we made this morning a raid on the house of a party called Sleepy Jim—sleepy, because he just isn't sleepy, don't you see, madam? Well; Jim was very easy and careless, and we searched and searched, and not a thing could we find, and at last we gave it up. I was the last to go, and as I went, I heard—for my ears are quick—I heard Jim give the least little bit of a sigh.

"'Come back, men, I shouted: 'the things are here and we won't be such numbscuils as to go away without them. Let's have one more look round.' Then it occurred to me that Sleepy Jim had not been sitting on the table for nothing all the time we were turning his place upside down. So I just pushed him and it on one side, kicked over the square of carpet on which the table had been standing, and lo and behold, there were plain signs that the boards had been raised pretty recently.

"We had those boards up again in a jiffy, and there in a deep hole underneath was all the Fenton Court jewelry!"

The detective paused impressively and looked at his two eager listeners, as though challenging their admiration.

"Well, and my wife's butterfly?" asked the Colonel inquiringly.

"I am coming to that, sir. Amongst the things there were several pins and brooches not included in the list supplied to us at Scotland Yard. I had seen your advertisement, and I thought one of the miscellaneous articles looked very much like your insect. So I just asked Sleepy Jim about it, and he told me that it had been brought to him by a man who had picked it up in Sloan Street, and had been afraid to pawn it. Jim gave him thirty shillings for it; for he saw the diamonds were uncommon good paste, and——"

"But they are nothing of the sort," put in Mrs. Walsingham indignantly; that was only my husband's idea to call them paste."

"Ah!—That was smart, sir, very smart. You ought to be one of us!"

The Colonel looked gratified. "Won't you take a glass of wine, Mr. Sawder?" he

said, pushing the decanter over to him.

"Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do," replied Mr. Sawder, helping himself, and he required little pressing to be induced to repeat the action several times in the course of the next hour.

As a consequence, he soon grew exceedingly communicative and entertained the Colonel with the most thrilling Scotland Yard narratives, all illustrative of the cleverness of rogues and the superior astuteness of detectives.

"It's not that the criminal classes are so especially clever," he remarked, judicially, as he wound up one of his tales; "but the public is so uncommonly soft!"

The Colonel acquiesced. There were a great many fools in the world, he opined; but for his part he had no pity for them. He himself had never been taken in in his life.

"I can quite believe that," said Mr. Sawder, politely; "and if I may make so free, I repeat again you ought to be one of us."

The Colonel did not at all resent Mr. Sawder's freedom. He was particularly pleased with him and his stories, and in the fulness of his heart he told him he was going down to his club for half-an-hour, and would be charmed to give him a lift.

Mr. Sawder was quite sensible of the Colonel's condescension, and accepted with effusion. Having arranged with Mrs. Walsingham that she was to come down to Scotland Yard the following morning, he went off with Colonel into the adjoining room, waiting there while this gentleman got ready to go out.

This room was a sort of sanctum to Colonel Walsingham, and while he drew on his gloves, he passed in review his collection of fire arms and other objects of warlike predilection.

The detective seemed a bit of a connoisseur, and his enthusiasm was sufficiently dashed with discriminating knowledge to be particularly pleasing to the Colonel, who actually deigned to bring out from a cavernous cupboard his latest extravagance: to wit, a handsome fur-lined coat he had recently imported from Russia.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"Think?" said the detective; "why that is not a thing to be left in the hall."

"Rather not," laughed the Colonel, "we keep it in the cupboard in this room. Why, that cost me eighty guineas!"

"It looks as if it had," said the detective warmly, and the Colonel being now ready, the two gentleman got into their hansom and drove off.

It was scarcely half an hour afterwards that there was a hasty pull at the door bell. Mrs. Walsingham was tired and had gone to bed, and the household had followed her example. The butler alone was still up, busy with the silver and his pantry.

"Why, master has forgotten his latch-key!" he said, hurrying to the door; "it is lucky for me he has come back so early!"

But it was not Colonel Walsingham who stood in the doorway—it was Mr. Sawder.

"Sorry to trouble you, my man," he said, speaking very fast and slipping a shilling into Bailey's hand; "but I left some most important papers behind me, which I was showing to Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham. Will you give them to me?"

"Papers, sir? I haven't seen any."

"But they must be here," cried Mr. Sawder, looking very worried. "The fact is—I daresay Mrs. Walsingham told you—these papers have to do with the Fenton Court robbery. We nabbed the man and the swag this afternoon, and the owner is coming up to-morrow. So you see the papers are awfully important."

"Of course, they must be," said the butler unbending from his solemn dignity on the instant. "Well, I'll just light a taper and see if they are anywhere in the dining room. I may have overlooked them, but I don't think I have."

The detective followed him into the dining room and helped in the search, but no papers were to be found, and he grew more and more anxious.

"I tell you what it is," he began in a vexed tone, "Mrs. Walsingham must have noticed them directly when we had gone and, knowing their importance, must have locked them up somewhere. Now if you can get them for me to-night I'll not forget you."

Bailey's kindness, or his affection for the prospective coin, made him consent, after a little demur, to do what he could.

"I'll go upstairs and call up one of the women servants," he said, and then send her to ask Mrs. Walsingham. I'll shout up to the under housemaid," he added; "she'll come like winking when she hears my voice."

It took longer to get the housemaid to come down, however, than the butler had anticipated, but at last she had gone off on her embassy, and had brought her mistresses' answer to Baily, patiently waiting on the upper landing. "I'm sorry," he began as he ascended the last flight of stairs, "but Mrs. Walsingham hasn't seen your papers."

Then he stopped short. The rosy tints fled from his well-nourished face, and a bilious hue took possession of that broad expanse.

The street door was open, and Mr. Sawder had disappeared.

"A 'do,'" murmured Bailey faintly; "a real 'do.'"

He thought of his plate, and almost breathed again as he remembered that he had deposited it in the plate-chest, and turned the key before he had let the insidious stranger in.

"Depend upon it, he's only gone off with master's umbrella," he said, trying to reassure himself.

The next moment he struck his hands wildly together, and rushed into the Colonel's study. When he came back he was perfectly green. The Colonel's fur coat, for which he had paid eighty guineas only a few weeks back, was nowhere to be found!

* * * * * * * *

The officials of Scotland Yard next morning listened with polite attention to Colonel Walsingham's account of what had happened.

"A clean-shaven man, with grey eyes, you say?"

"Yes," was the answer. "He gave the name of Sawder—Fred Sawder."

"Fred! The man was James Croft, alias Sleepy Jim, the cleverest rogue in the United Kingdom, and as slippery as an eel. I am afraid you will never see your coat again, sir."

And he was right, for the Colonel never did. But one result of his little experience was that he completely changed his views of criminals.

"It is not that the public is so stupid," he was often heard to say: "it is those scamps who are so horribly clever."

LOVE AND WEDDINGS.

ALTHOUGH the course of true love never does run smooth, it also remains true, as Tom Moore sang, that "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." And in spite of many ups and downs of fortune, woolngs are so far successful that they may lead in due course to weddings. This, in the language of the orator of the wedding feast, is the happiest moment of the girl's life.

The custom of making marriage gifts is one of those rare practices that are more honored in the observance than in the breach.

In far-off times (and among savage tribes at the present day) woman was not wooed, but purchased, or bartered, or stolen. Then came the reverse of this, and the dowry was instituted. And now, dowried or not dowried, no young couple are "turned off" without their friends presenting them with such articles as are likely to be of use to them in the setting up of their home; the very latest innovation—that, namely, of sending them a "little cheque"—being in every respect commendable.

Although the custom of making wedding gifts is observed throughout the civilized world, it is interesting to note the particulars in which it has varied among different peoples in different ages.

The ancient Greeks used to send the newly-married pair what were known as the unveiling presents, because they were given on the occasion of the bride's first appearance unveiled. Seated in her room, with a gilt crown upon her head, she there received the gifts.

The custom of sticking coins on the bridegroom's forehead is common to several Eastern races. The bridegroom is placed is placed within a circle of lancers, and the guests, wetting small coins, fasten them on his brow. As the coins are put on, the servants shake them off into a basket placed on the bridegroom's lap, his eyes being meanwhile shut, and the name of the donor and value of the gift are then announced.

Among the Arabs, the bridegroom sends presents to the bride a day or two before the nuptials, while the bride as soon as she reaches her husband's house gives him some article of furniture, a tent, and a spear.

The Persian marriage contract stipulates for the settlement of presents and a sum of money besides. Should the bridegroom's means permit, he will give the bride two complete dresses, a mirror, and a ring, in addition to furnishing the house. Armenian brides and bridegrooms exchange gifts on the eve of their wedding.

Among the Chinese in the United States, it is the custom of the bridegroom's family to present the family of the bride with a variety of perishable articles and bundles of fireworks. This is a very material view of duty for Celestials to adopt, but it is merely the counterpart of the habit in vogue in English households in which the bride's father provides the wedding breakfast.

In Siam, all the guests must bring presents. Swedish brides used to receive from their friends, a pig, sheep, cow and from the bridegroom a colt, dog, cat or goose.

Among the wealthier class the couple sat on a raised platform under a canopy of silk on their wedding day, and their presents were arranged before them.

The fee for the officiating priest at a wedding in Norway and Sweden formerly consisted of a present of one or more bladders filled with a highly seasoned mince of different kinds of meat, and also a bottle or two of brandy.

Every guest at a Norwegian wedding brought the bride a present. In many parts a keg of butter was the usual gift, and if the marriage took place in the winter, salted or frozen meat was offered.

Among the early Germans, money was given to the bride's relatives on the wedding day, but this usage was not followed if the marriage happened to be an unequal one.

Men of rank who had lost their wives, but had children, in order to avoid burdening their estates, married women of low degree, who, bringing no fortune, were not entitled to dower. The morgengabe, or morning gift, was a present made by the husband to his wife on the morning after his marriage. Sometimes it was a chain of gold or a jewel, and at others a portion of the husband's fortune.

Sometimes a present was given at every marriage, but later on only at the weddings of the nobility. This custom was often carried to a great excess, the bride having the privilege of asking for any sum of money, or in fact, anything that she pleased, which could not, in honor, be refused by the husband.

The demand sometimes was very exorbitant, if the woman chose to be avaricious; hence the laws limited the amount to be given. At the entertainment which followed the marriage—and the custom was in vogue in France too—the guests deposited gold or silver money or jewelry in a basin which stood before the bride, who was seated at a table with her female friends, music playing the while.

Weddings in Wales used to be characterized by a curious custom called "bidding." A paid official, styled the bidder, peramubulated the neighborhood announcing the marriage, inviting guests, and singing in doggerel the praises of the bride and the abundance and excellence of the fare provided for the feast.

He also served notices on all who had been indebted for wedding gifts to the prospective bride and bridegroom, or to their parents, to return the compliment in kind or in money.

On the marriage day, the presents were displayed and valued by an auctioneer at their cash price. A receipt was then duly handed to the donor, who, if still unmarried, might confidently reckon, when next she should shake off single blessedness, upon a gift of equal value from the couple just befriended.

Seldom do we find ancient or modern Parliaments legislating exclusively in the interests of women, but there are a few conspicuous instances to the contrary. Eight hundred years ago, for example, the Scottish Parliament, thanks probably to the gentle influence of saintly Queen Margaret, passed an act to the following effect:

"It is stated and ordained that during the reign of her most blessed Majesty each maiden lady, of both high and low estate, shall have liberty to bespeak the man she likes; albeit, if he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulcted in the sum of an hundred pounds or less as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free.

ORIGIN OF ELECTRICAL TERMS.—Electricians use many odd terms in their technical conversation, which are but component parts of a dead language to most listeners. Thus we hear them speak of "farad," "ohms," "joules," "amperes," "watts," etc. The unit of capacity is one farad; the unit of resistance, one ohm; the unit of work, one joule; the unit of activity, one watt; the unit of quantity, one coulomb; the unit of current, one ampere; the unit of magnetic flead, one gauss; the unit of pressure, one volt, and the unit of force, one dyne. Odd as these names may sound to the ear, there is really nothing wonderful in connection with their origin, they all having been derived from the name of some man famous in his special field of electrical study. Thus Michael Faraday, George S. Ohm and James P. Joule, famous English and German discoverers, give their names to the first three units mentioned above; James Watt and Andre M Ampere, English and French inventors, to the two units following; Charles A. Coulomb and Carl F. Gauss, the former a Frenchman and the latter a German, give the names to the units of quantity and magnetic field. The volt is named for the Italian discoverer, Volta; the dyne is derived from the root word of dynamo, itself meaning force.

ADAPTABILITY.—Perhaps nowhere is adaptability needed more than in the home. Its loss here is a calamity, and creates confusion and much of that alienation that rises from what seems to be very slight causes. If a young man marries one who in her girlhood's home was attractive in dress and manners, who could talk entertainingly and wisely of books and of the affairs of the day, who could appreciate and even interpret the finest things in music and in art, and if, in taking her as a wife, he finds that as mistress of his home she seems entirely out of place, that she cannot put herself into the conditions and surroundings of a humbler home than was formerly hers, he may chafe and mourn as he will, but, so long as his wife lacks the power of fitting herself to her new sphere, she lacks an essential quality for the creation of home-happiness. Young men had better clear their vision of love illusions, so that they may discern before it is too late whether the divinity in the richly-appointed parlor of the home of her maidenhood would become a divinity through the years of small things in a struggling man's existence.

MASTER: "Well, Susan, did you post my letter as I told you?" Faithful Servant: "Yes, sir; but I had it weighed first, and as it was unable weigh I put on another stamp." Master: Good girl; but I hope you didn't put it on so as to obliterate the address." Faithful Servant: "Oh, no, indeed, sir; I just stuck it on the top of the other stamp, so as to save room."

FAMILY PHYSICIAN: "Nothing will do your daughter any good unless she controls her appetite for sweets and rich dishes. She must live on the plainest food, and very little of it, for months." Mother: "Very well, I'll send her to the boarding-school I used to attend."

In trivial as well as in important affairs in the petty vexations, in the great afflictions of life, the faculty of making the "best of things" is "twice bless'd"—it imparts pleasure, not only to the mind of the person in whom it is active, but also to all who come within range of its influence.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Says a writer in a New York paper: "I was talking with a postal clerk yesterday who has just returned from Pittsburg, and he told me a touching story while came to light in that city. A blank envelope was found in the mail, and it was opened to ascertain the address of the sender. There was none, and the only signature was 'From your brother Will.' The letter went on to state that the writer had pawned his his coat to raise $10, which was enclosed, to send to his sister, who was starving. The letter stated that he hoped the money would relieve her distress."

A new genius in the begging line has made his appearance on the busy down-town streets in New York. He is dressed like a respectable longshoreman, is careful to keep himself neat and clean, and always carries a bunch of cotton and two dimes about him. He stuffs the cotton in one cheek, assumes the expression of intense misery, puts the dimes in the hand that is not engaged in rubbing his swollen cheek and asks the first benevolent looking man he meets for a nickel to complete the sum of 25 cents necessary to have a tooth extracted. His decent appearance, evident agony, and the sight of the two dimes already in his hand, brings the asked for nickel nearly every time.

Most persons thinks that the boundary line between the United States and Canada is imaginary, but is distinctly marked by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and open spaces in the woods, from Lake Michigan all the way to Alaska. There are nearly four hundred of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rockies, the British putting a post every two miles and the Americans putting one between the British posts. These are of cast iron, and on their faces are cast the words, "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line passes through lakes stones have been piled up eight feet above high water mark, and where it passes through forests the trees have been felled for the space of a rod.

According to a despatch from Rock Island, Ill., where his people live, a man named Gregg, who was kidnapped forty years ago has been heard from. His home then was in New York, and his parents, one of whom died two years ago, long believed in the theory that he had been drowned. The despatch adds: "He is living at Richardson, Polk county, Wis., under the name of G. A. Gage, the name give him by his abductor, who was an unscrupulous woman. She brought him up in ignorance of his real name and he never knew who his parents were until a few weeks ago. The Greggs are certain that they have found the long-missing member of their family, he will be at Rock Island this week. He is now 43 years of age and has a family. The woman who kidnapped him left him at the time of his marriage.

A new and interesting invention has recently been given a practical test in England—namely, a machine for making cloth from waste glass. "Besides utilizing hundreds of tons of broken and useless substance, the textile produced will have many advantages over all other fabrics; it is incombustible, can be manufactured in all colors and of any desired strength or thickness. The one property of incombustibility will render it invaluable to those working near or with fire. It is also used for ladies' dresses and for other purposes, in place of silk, and it is said to be more glossy and lustrous, and is more easily washed. It is stated to have all the appearances characterizing silk, being as soft and even more elastic. Its usefulness will, of course, depend much on its durability."

A westerner entertained a number of travellers at a Chicago hotel the other evening with talks about Indians. One of them was about Crowfoot, the famous chief, "who," he said, "possessed as much personal courage as any Indian who ever lived. His body was a mass of knife and bullet scars received in Indian wars. He was always friendly to the whites, and it was by his influence that the Blackfeet remained peaceful during the Indian troubles of 1885. He averted trouble time and time again. The Indians obtained a quantity of whisky at a mountain fort one time and in a short while they became so worked up that a general massacre was decided upon. Crowfoot drew a line on the prairie with his ax and declared that the first man who passed that line would be sent to the happy hunting grounds instantly. Not a [illegible]"

Our Young Folks.

TRUE HEART.

BY S. HARRADEN.

IN TIMES of war the Spartan women used to say to their husbands and sons, "Return with your shield, or on it," meaning that they must either conquer or die.

There was no affection or indulgence shown towards the warriors who survived a defeat; for loyalty to the State was thought of more account than personal loss, and he who had not died striking his last blow for Sparta was deemed unworthy of remembrance, and could expect no mercy from those who had loved him and sent him to the battle-field "to conquer or die."

So this was how the Spartans felt about their warriors; and you can imagine their indignation as well as their dismay when, in the year 371 B. C., news reached Sparta that their army had been defeated at the battle of Leuctra by the Boeotians, a rival Grecian state, and that three hundred men had saved their lives in flight.

The news was brought just when some great festival was being celebrated in the city. The Ephors (or governors) commanded the names of the slain to be made known to their relatives, and the women were forbidden to mourn. But the mother of Eucrates could not help mourning, and her neighbors said amongst themselves:

"Why should she be sorrowful? Her son has died bravely. It is not as though he were among those who have disgraced themselves by surviving."

And others said:

"Ah, we always knew that the mother of Eucrates had not a true Spartan heart."

The old man Phidon came in to see her, and found her spinning and weeping. He was a very stern old man, a Spartan, every inch of him, and he spoke harshly to poor Ione, who was mourning for her son.

"Are you not ashamed of your tears?" he asked. "Surely I have more cause for tears than you; my grandson Callias is not amongst the slain, but your brave son Eucrates has died like a hero. Callias has brought dishonor and shame on all his family. How can I meet him? What can I say to him? Nay, I will not speak to him. His father was the glory of my life, and he is the very dishonor of it. The gods have been cruel to me in my old age; but they have been kind to you, Ione, for death come to Eucrates with honor; but Callias turned and fled, choosing to live with dishonor. His father won the crown of wild olive in the Olympic games, and earned the right of fighting by the king's side, and died there; and I was proud of him. But woe is me that I cannot be proud of my Callias."

Ione stopped spinning, and tried to comfort the old man Phidon, whom she had known all her life. Her son Eucrates and this very Callias had been friends together ever since they were children; and in the days gone by, Phidon and Ione's father had fought side by side for Sparta.

"May be, Phidon," she said "the gods spared Callias and his comrades so that they may yet serve Sparta, and help her to triumph over her enemies. You tell me I must not grieve for Eucrates; but I would give worlds to have a chance of looking once more at his dear face."

"You must not say that," he answered sternly. "Be thankful that the gods have not sent you shame and dishonor!"

And whenever he found her grieving he reproached her in his own stern way; but if any one spoke of her, and blamed her for her want of enthusiasm for the State, Phidon always said—

"Let her be, let her be—the gods have not made us all alike."

He used to go and sit with her when she was spinning, and then she would speak to him of Callias, and urge him to greet Callias kindly on his return.

"You must pardon him, Phidon," she said eagerly. "May be he will live to do great things for Sparta."

But the old man said proudly: "Nay, Ione, never a word will I speak to Callias again."

And it was all in vain that Ione pleaded for the friend of Eucrates.

She had a curious dream one night: she dreamed that King Agesilaus was willing to pardon all those three hundred soldiers who had fled from the field of Leuctra; but that Phidon interposed, and standing up in the Public Assembly, gave his vote against pardon.

"My own grandson is one of the survivors," he cried, "Sparta may pardon him but I never will."

The next day she told her dream to Phidon, and she told him how she had seemed to see Callias standing lonely and forsaken the only one of the three hundred survivors who had not been greeted kindly. She went forward to speak a few words to him, because he had been the friend of Eucrates—and then she awoke. She told Phidon all this, and the old man's heart was softened at last.

"I will greet Callias," he said, "as though he were an honor to me, not a dishonor."

Ione was glad to have triumphed at last. You can imagine how astonished she was when in two or three days' time a decree was proposed by the king, and passed in the Assembly, to the effect that all those who had fled from the field Leuctra were to be pardoned and received home without any dishonor.

Ordinarily, all survivors of a defeat were subject to penalties of civil offence; and so this was quite an unusual proceeding, but no doubt it was thought a stern measure against such a number of Spartan citizens. Well, whatever the reason was, there were many glad hearts in Sparta that day, and old Phidon himself confessed to Ione that he longed to see Callias once more.

"For I must needs forgive him, Ione," he said, "Since Sparta has forgiven him; but I would rather he would have fallen by Eucrates' side. That would have been my glory."

As soon as news had come of the defeat of the Spartan army the whole remaining military force of Sparta was sent to the rescue, and after some time returned to Sparta, bringing back the survivors from the disastrous field of Leuctra.

Then Spartan hearts were softened, and mothers, wives, and sisters stood waiting to greet those whom the gods had spared. But Ione sat at home spinning.

Suddenly the door opened, and Phidon came in. His face was strangely troubled.

"Callias is not amongst them," he said. "I have asked for him and no one knows. Could there have been some mistake, I wonder?"

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door, and Ione opened it to Timotheus, a neighbor's son.

"Greetings to the mother of Eucrates," he said, as he stood before Ione. "I am from Leuctra. I saw Eucrates fighting in the thickest of the fray. I saw him fall; and there fell another by his side, fighting as gallantly as he—his comrade in death as well as in life."

"And who was that?" asked Ione, whose hands were clasped eagerly together.

"It was Callias," answered the young man. "Farewell; I must go and seek Phidon, to tell him."

But Phidon rose up, and there was a smile of triumph on his face.

"Phidon has heard the news," he said, "and he thanks the gods for this crowning mercy. For though he would fain have seen the face of Callias once more, there was something dearer to him than the face of Callias—it was the honor of Callias!"

Then turning to Ione, he said:

"We can think of them together, Ione, and honor their memory. Come now, you must smile through your tears."

And Ione, caught with Phidon's enthusiasm, smiled through her tears. That was the true Spartan tribute to the heroes of Leuctra.

* * * * * *

You see, children, the Spartans would not admit of despair in their lives; they believed that while there was yet strength in the body, there must needs be hope in the heart that the victory would be won. And so it was the duty of a true Spartan to fight and conquer and live, or to die, striving to conquer at the very last, with no thought of any possibility of failure.

What do you think about this grand old Spartan code of honor?—Do you not think that we ourselves may find something helpful in it?

THE CHILDREN'S FIND.

BY H.

IT was a bright summer morning, and Enid and Trevor Escombe, who lived at the great White House yonder across the fields, had gone out together for a country walk.

They lived in London part of the year, and always looked forward to the time when everything was packed up and sent to the dear White House, and all the London smoke and the pavements and chimneys were left behind.

Well, the children walked along together, making wonderful plans of things, and talking a great deal about one of the gardeners, whom they always called Old Cherrystone. His real name was Cherry, but they liked best to call him by this pet name of Old Cherrystone; and I do not think he would have understood them if they had said, "Good-morning, Mr. Cherry."

He was very fond of them, and always enjoyed the summer quite as much as they did, although they led him a dreadful life sometimes, and teased him so much that he used to say he did not know often whether he were digging with a watering-can or watering with a spade, he felt that confused! And sometimes he was not sure of the difference between a turnip and a rose!

They were planning some mischievous tricks which they intended to play upon this long suffering individual and his cat Thomas, who followed him about just like a dog, and always came to his whistle. Thomas loved them almost as much as Old Cherrystone loved them, and had many a gambol with them while the gardener bent over his work.

They were talking of pet animals when they came to a field where some sheep ran away at their approach, and others stared stupidly at them, after the usual manner of sheep.

They heard the cry of something in distress, and just as they were passing a bush they saw the dearest little lamb lying by itself, quite deserted, and evidently in pain. It seemed to have hurt its foot. Enid and Trevor were much disturbed. They knelt down, and stroked the poor little thing, and Enid said that Trevor must run and fetch someone to help me to nurse the lamb's foot.

Off he started, and left her in charge. He met the miller, and the miller, who was a merry body, said—

"Hi, little sir! why are you in such a hurry?"

But Trevor ran past him; and the next person he met was the baker, who was carrying some tempting buns, and the baker said—

"Hi, Master Trevor! haven't you time for a bun?"

But Trevor ran on, and never stopped until he got to the White House, and then he rushed straight up to the nursery, where he found Cleopatra, Enid's favorite doll, sitting in the perambulator. Enid had taught him to be very polite to Cleopatra, so he lifted her gently out of the perambulator, and he said humbly—

"Dear Cleopatra, may I have the use of your carriage? There is a little lamb lying ill, and I should like to bring it home in your carriage, if you do not mind much. It's quite a pretty little lamb, Cleopatra."

Cleopatra looked rather sulky, but she was obliged to allow her perambulator to be taken away, and Trevor ran with it back to the field, where he found Enid still keeping faithful watch over the little lamb.

"I've brought Cleopatra's carriage for us to take the lamb home to Old Cherrystone," he cried.

"What a capital idea!" said Enid. "Are you sure, though, that Cleopatra did not mind? I should not like to hurt her feelings."

"Oh, she did not mind," replied Trevor. "I don't wish to exaggerate (he meant exaggerate), but I do believe she whispered 'Yes.'"

"That's all right," said Enid. "Now we must lift the little lamb into the perambulator and then we will wheel it home to Old Cherrystone, and I daresay he will be able to make it well again. Do you remember how he nursed Thomas when his leg got caught in a trap?"

So they lifted the lamb into Cleopatra's carriage, and Enid bent over it lovingly, caressing its wee head. It had such funny big ears! Trevor stood near, holding the handle of the perambulator. He looked rather proud of himself, as though he had done quite a clever thing in fetching an ambulance-cart.

They wheeled it solemnly home, never for a moment thinking that the little lamb belonged to anyone else but them. The miller passed by them, and said—

"What a funny kind of doll!"

The miller was such a terrible tease!

And when it began to bleat he laughed and said—

"What a funny kind of voice for a doll to have!"

And then a farmer passed them, and said—

"What have we got here?"

"An invalid lamb," they replied. "Mr. Farmer, please not to keep us back, as we are taking it home for Old Cherrystone to cure."

"Oh, I will cure it," he said good-naturedly, for he really knew all about lambs.

But they shook their heads, thinking no doubt, that he was quite an ignorant person.

"You could not possibly be so clever as Old Cherrystone," they said.

You can imagine that when Old Cherrystone saw the solemn procession coming up the path which led to his little lodge he had a hearty good laugh, and came out to greet his friends, and of course he was followed by the faithful Thomas, who purred violently, and rubbed himself against Enid's boots, and then had a good look at the occupant of the ambulance-cart. Old Cherrystone took the little lamb in his arms, and gently felt the injured foot, which he bound up.

Then he asked the children in which field they had found the lamb, and he gathered from their answers that the little invalid probably belonged to Farmer Garratt, who lived on the Marsh Farm. So he sent them off to tell him, that in case he should be anxious about the fate of the lamb, it was all quite safe at the lodge of the great White House.

He was a very tall man, very strong and broad. The children were rather frightened of him at first, but he laughed kindly and patted them on the head, and said he was much obliged to them for being so thoughtful for the little lamb.

"And I tell you what, my little dears" he said. "You shall have the creature to keep I reckon you would make quite a pet of it."

"That we would!" they cried excitedly.

Then they thanked him and started off to tell Old Cherrystone the good news.

"Fancy!" they cried; "Farmer Garrett has given us the lamb. We shall be so fond of it, and we shall teach it ever so many lessons, and perhaps it will become much more clever than Thomas."

"That is not possible," laughed Old Cherrystone, stroking the cat. "There is no cat, no dog and certainly no sheep more clever than my Thomas."

"What shall we call it?" asked Trevor. "It must have a name."

"Oh, I know," said Enid thoughtfully. "We shall call it William Rufus. Don't you remember we were reading about him yesterday? I hope that Cleopatra won't be jealous of the new pet. But I think that she has rather a nasty temper of her own."

I do not know whether Cleopatra was particularly pleased when she saw the new importation; but like all of us, she had to become accustomed to circumstances and make the best of misfortune. In due time she drove out in her carriage accompanied by William Rufus, who trotted by her side, quite a faithful attendant.

That was rather a queer name to give the lamb, wasn't it? But Enid remembered too late that Rufus means red, and of course the lamb was not red! Enid's mother and father, however, laughed when they heard of the name and would not have it altered; so Rufus remained Rufus.

And as for Cherrystone's cat Thomas, why, he seemed to take a fancy to the newcomer, and played with him, and even allowed him to eat off his own particular plate.

And so there were five happy friends at the great White House—Enid and Trevor and William Rufus and Thomas, and of course Old Cherrystone. You see, I have left out Cleopatra, for her temper was not to be depended upon!

WORK.—For work to be the promoter of long and valuable life, we must know how to perform it and within what limits. Like everything else, we must use it without abusing it. Moderation is one of the most important elements in all value. When we carry a good thing to excess, it becomes an evil—and work is no exception. Overwork which exhausts the frame, depresses the spirits, and impairs the powers is as much an injury and a moral wrong as idleness—and both tend to premature decay. It is the same with work that is continuously distasteful and compulsory, and with work which is performed in a slovenly and inferior manner. Unless it is well and willingly done, it never carries with it that satisfaction and contentment which are essential to long life. M. S.

THOSE who would become really beautiful, must make the cultivation of the mind—of these intellectual and moral powers with which the great Creator has endowed us—our principal care. Pure affection must be cherished; amiable dispositions encouraged; useful knowledge acquired; and a mild, even and obliging temper sedulously cultivated.

"You may say what you like, mother; George no longer loves me."

"But, my child, how did you get that silly notion into your head?"

"Oh, very simply, and only too quickly! When he takes me home nowadays he always chooses the shortest road."

MY NATIVE HILL.

BY T. CARBERRY.

My native hill how fair you seem,
Long treasured in my heart;
No silvery ray from starlight's beam
Could balmier joys impart.

'Twas here that Father first drew breath,
'Twas here too I was was born;
But Father now lies cold in death,
Long from his children torn.

Where oft at evening's close we'd stray
Or to the windmill rove,
And hail each blooming eve in May,
True emblem of our love,

And here where children used to play;
Where juveniles would roam,
Dear Father loved with me to stray
And be my escort home.

But he is long from earth removed;
I'm left midst toil and care,
To view the haunts he dearly loved
Alone, neglected there.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

This expression of what may be called nautical slang has now become almost classic. At all events, everybody must have heard it; and most people may be presumed to know that to "go to Davy Jones's Locker" is equivalent to "losing the number of your mess," or, as the Californian miners say, "passing in your checks."

Being especially a sea-phrase, it means of course, to be drowned. But how did the phrase originate? And who was Davy Jones?

The question must have frequently occurred to many, and it is worth while seeking an answer to it. There is an explanation to everything, if we only know how to look for it.

This saying about Davy Jones is a very old one—so old, that it cannot possibly have any reference to the famous pirate, Paul Jones.

In fact, one hears very often "Davy's Locker," without a reference to "Jones" at all. Then "Davy" again is a vulgar slang expression for affidavit, but is also used in thief parlance by way of an oath.

It has thus been inferred that "Davy" is a slang expression of somewhat blasphemous import; but this is by no means certain.

It is much more likely to be associated with, or of the same origin as, the "Duffy" of the West Indian negroes.

Among them Duffy means a ghost; and in the vocabulary of the gutter it may easily have been taken as the equivalent of soul. The transition from Duffy to Davy is by no means difficult.

But how, then, did the vagabond users of "flash" language get hold of this word? It is quite probable that it was brought home by the sailors from the West Indies, and picked up at the docks by the waifs and strays of the vagrant population.

On the other hand, it is just as likely that the West Indian negroes picked up "Duffy" from our own sailors, and that, in fact, Duffy is just the negro contraction of Davy Jones.

We must go further back and further away, however, to get to the square root of the matter. And, if we enquire diligently, we shall find our Davy in the Deva of the Indian mythology.

The original Sanskirt meaning of Deva was "The Shining One," but in the operation of what Mr. Moncure Conway calls "the degradations of Deities" in the Oriental religions it became synonymous with our devil.

In fact, we owe the word "devil" to this same Sanskirt root; and it is noteworthy that while Deva meant the Good Spirit to the Brahmans, it meant the Evil Spirit to the Parsees.

In this root we may also find the explanation of the Gypsy word for God, which, curious enough, is Devel.

While it is easy to trace the transition from Deva to the sailor's Davy, one may note another curious thing. The name of the fabulous Welshman, Taffy, the thief, is a corruption of Dyved, which, signifying an Evil Spirit, is the Cymric form of Deva.

This would almost suggest that the addition of the apparent surname, Jones, was a Welsh performance. But this is only an amusing conjecture, not without a certain aptness.

For the origin of Jones we must look to Jonah, who, in nautical history, is regarded as the embodiment of malevolence at sea.

The prophet Jonah is not the only one who has been committed to the deep to appease the storm-fiends, whose anger his presence was supposed to have aroused.

It is easy to account for this from the Bible narrative:

"The mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his God. And they said, every one to his fellow, 'Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us.' So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. So they took up Jonah and cast him forth into the sea, and the sea ceased from her raging."

The superstition of sailors is proverbial, and to this day they believe in good or ill luck being brought to a vessel by persons and things.

In olden times there were many sacrifices to this Jonah superstition; and even in comparatively recent times, Holcroft, the actor, on a voyage to Scotland, narrowly escaped a watery grave, because the men took him for "the Jonah."

And to this day "He's a Jonah" is an expression often enough heard on shipboard applied to some unwelcome passenger.

Here, then, we have the Sanskrit origin of Davy, and the Biblical origin of Jones' both words embodying much the same idea to the mind of the primitive seaman. But what of "the locker?"

This, of course, is a familiar piece of ship furniture which it was not difficult to transfer to the mythical demon of the deep.

Lieutenant Basset thought that the locker might the whale's belly in which Jonah found refuge; but this is hardly in harmony with the meaning of the phrase.

In the sense in which it is used here, locker does not mean a temporary resting-place or submarine harbor of refuge, but a place of final deposit.

It is possible, indeed, to find the origin of the word locker as here applied in Loki, the personification of evil in the Scandinavian mythology.

Loki, like Deva, was not always an evil spirit, but he became eventually identified with Satan. He became a flame-demon, a sort of incarnate spirit of fire.

There is good reason for believing in our theory of the Scandinavian origin of the word "locker" as used in the connection we are considering, although we put it forward with all diffidence.

The legend of St. Brandon and his burning islands preserved the idea that Hades was very near to the bottom of the ocean. Thus, then, we may readily perceive the conception of Loki having his receptacle for drowned mariners in the bed of the sea.

Thus, then, Davy Jones' Locker became, by a mixture of theogonies, "the ocean, the deep sea bottom, the place to which the body was committed, and to which the souls of the wicked fled."

Grains of Gold.

He loses nothing that keeps God for his friend.

He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.

He loses his thanks who promiseth and delayeth.

He that liveth not well one year sorrows for it seven.

There is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul.

Will is the root, knowledge the stem and nerves, and feeling the flower.

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.

Hear twice before you speak once. He dances well to whom fortune pipes.

In your business transactions, be as careful of taking credit as of giving it.

We may owe it to our enemies to forgive; we owe it to ourselves not to forget.

The sure way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

He is a wise man who speaks little. He is proper who hath proper conditions.

The good things a man does are hard to remember; the evil things are dreadful easy.

There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. Men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other.

One of the most unhappy men in the world is he who, instead of measuring his strength against his work, is always measuring it against the strength of other men.

Femininities.

The world either breaks or hardens the heart.

Women are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure.

Learned women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.

The Chinese say that a woman's tongue is her sword, and she never lets it get rusty.

In Finland the women consider a salute upon the lips as the greatest insult even from their own husbands.

"When should women marry?" asks an earnest magazine writer. When they are asked is a very good time.

Wash leather, it may not be generally known, is usually split sheepskin dressed with oil, in imitation of chamois.

"No," said the society belle at her toilet, "I never blush, though I do sometimes change color." And she tried an entirely new brand of rouge.

Miss Katherine Waugh, a lawyer of New York, who married a young lawyer of Chicago, will continue the practice of her profession in an office separate from that of her husband.

The German Empress Frederick loves little children. She can often be seen to stop and pat the little ones she meets in her daily walks, and never fails to speak kindly to them.

"It isn't her own dress that turns a woman's head, fond as the sex are of finery." "No?" "No. It is the dress of another woman who passes her on the street that turns her head."

To fill in the cracks of a floor before painting or staining it, use strips of wood driven in and planed off smooth and even with the floor. Cement breaks up and looks rough in a short time.

Stonecutter: "Would you like the words 'We will meet again,' engraved on your husband's tombstone?" Widow: "For heaven's sake, no! What you want to put on that stone is 'Rest in Peace!'"

"Women, white or black," said Mr. Stanley recently, "I regard as far above us. They are more humane, they are more prompt with sympathy, they are more tameable to new ideas than we of the opposite sex."

Mrs Do Weary: "And so you have been married five years, and are as much in love with your husband as ever?" Mrs. Cheery: "Yes, indeed!" "Hum! What business is your husband in?" "He's captain of a whaler."

Frank: "How did she act when you proposed?" Fred: "She acted well. She pretended that she had never been proposed to before. In fact, she was an amateur." Frank: "Ah! that was a fatal mistake to make with a professional."

She, anxiously: "I am afraid, George, dear, that when you speak to papa he may be angry." He, confidently. "I think not, darling, when I show him this"—taking a bank-book out of his pocket. She: "Oh, George, please let me look at it dra.!"

Wabbie: "Don't tell me that advertising amounts to anything! I advertised three consecutive days for an old woman to act as housekeeper and never got a single answer!" Wabbie: "It was your own fault that you didn't. You should have advertised for a middle-aged woman."

An old woman named Baldwin died recently in Aurora, Ill., and friends, while looking about her house, found a $500 Government bond on the pantry shelf. Stimulated by this discovery they made a systematic search, and, in digging up the cellar, found a tin can containing $6000 in gold.

A farmer's wife living near Dover, Del., broke a duck egg into a frying pan a few days ago, when out rolled an egg of smaller size. The larger egg was of ordinary size and contained a perfect yolk. The inner egg was about an inch and a half long, with a perfect shell and normal in every way.

After a serious quarrel, two small schoolmates ran to their teacher for redress of grievances. The one most fleet of foot was first served, and said vehemently: "Miss Mabel, Belle Baldwin hit me right in the lung!" "Well, and what did you do?" "Why, I never did nothin' at all, only just by accident I pulled her hair."

What the girl meant. Mother: "Tell me what you meant by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt?" Devoted daughter: "Forgive me, mother, but Mr. Brown appears to be on the point of proposing, and it would not do to run any risks just now, you know. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

"A little friend of mine," says Mr James Payn, "was once asked by a playmate of his own sex, but much below his rank in life, 'How does your mother get her living?' to which, after some reflection, he replied, 'She goes out shopping.'—so fixed from the earliest date in the male mind is the idea that this is the favorite pursuit of the female."

If you can find out the place where the ants come out most, drop a little quicklime into the hole and pour boiling water upon it, or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine, and pour it about where they are most annoying. Tobacco water will sometimes have the same effect. Camphor will prevent their getting into cupboards, or a sponge saturated with creosote.

A certain lady is unfortunately unable to read owing to her early education having been neglected. Her footman has to carry her Prayer-book, and when she has entered her pew to hand it to her open. One day a lady sitting next to her observed with surprise that she was holding it upside down, and told her of her mistake. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I don't know how to thank you! But my footman is so stupid!"

"Why don't you get insured for the benefit of your wife? You love her, I presumer?" "Love it? Yes, sir; I love her better than my life! And that's just the reason I don't insure my life. I don't value it a straw in comparison with my dear wife, so I've taken out a policy on her life." "Payable to yourself?" "Certainly! A man insures what he values most; and if she should die shouldn't I be the loser?"

Masculinities.

He that may hinder mischief and yet permits it, is an accessory.

Out in Iowa a drunken man is no longer "loaded;" he "has a package."

A man likes to have good neighbors when he must love his neighbors as himself.

Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority have established this.

Pio Pico, who was the last Mexican Governor of California, is living in poverty in that State at the age of 90 years.

A fat men's club, containing 110 members and representing an aggregate weight of 24,000 pounds, flourishes in Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

A company to place advertisements on the ceilings of barber shops for the perusal of men getting shaved has been formed in New York.

John Charvous, Hindoo and cannibal, originally from the Fiji Islands, but more recently from Canada, is delivering lectures in Georgia.

"Did your girl ever refuse you or ever say 'No' before she finally consented?" "No, but since we've been married she says nothing else."

First tramp: "What day of the week is it?" Second tramp: "Sunday, I guess. Everybody is going in the back door of that saloon over there."

"Clara Johnson says you and I are engaged, Ethel," said Chappie. "Clara Johnson always did say every spiteful thing about me she could think of."

Horses could not stand the compressed air which the men breathe while working in the Port Huron tunnel, and mule power was substituted. The mules get fat on it.

The lower a man in a calling, the greater care must he give to details. Only those whose reputation is established and whose income is assured, can afford to generalize.

Jay Gould's daily income has been estimated recently at $7,466. Cornelious Vanderbilt's at $15,240, John D. Rockefeller's at $18,715, and William Waldorf Astor's at $23,903.

Y.: "Got a cigar about you?" Z.: "No; I've given up buying cigars." Y.: "What on earth has put that into your head?" Z.: "Oh, I want to break you of the habit of smoking!"

A Cincinnati paper is authority for the statement that some distinguished citizen of Ohio who got coats of arms from a heraldic furnishing house in New York are being dunned for the bills.

A bankrupt banker had just made out his schedule of assets. "But what will you say when you meet your creditors?" asked a friend. "Oh, I shan't meet them! They travel on foot, while I always take a cab!"

Father: "James, you know I disapprove very much of your fighting, but I cannot help feeling proud of you whipping such a big boy as that. What did you whip him for?" Son (indignantly): "Why, he said I looked liked you."

Bobby: "I say, Mr. Updyke, what do you suppose Clara said about you just before you came in?" Mr. Updyke: "I haven't an idea in the world, Robert." Bobby, amazed: "Well, you've guessed it! That's just what she did say!"

Naom: "George, do you prefer the summer to the winter?" "No! I like winter best." "Do you like it for its snows and storms and desolate grandeur?" "Not exactly; I like because my ice-cream bills don't run up so thundering high."

Charles Alexander Eastman, the orator of his class which recently graduated from the Medical School of the University of Boston, is a Santee Sioux, with a future whose importance to his tribe cannot at this moment be adequately estimated.

Mrs Pompano: "Mary Ann, just run across the street and ask that man with the white-wash bucket if he is engaged." Mary Ann (returning after an animated conversation with Julius Plumbob): "Please, mum, he says he's been married for twelve years."

Mistress to butler: "Well, John, I hear you have come into quite a little legacy. I suppose you will be thinking of getting a wife now?" John: "Lor' bless yer, mum, not if I knows it! I've seen too much of married life with missuses, breakin' yer pardin, mum."

"Yes, George," she said, "Uncle James is a lawyer, as well as papa and Uncle Henry." "Plenty of lawyers, dear," he remarked with a lovelike smile. "Yes, George; but they are handy for a young lady to have in the family in the event of any crawfishing you know."

Willie: "What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry our Irene?" "Miss Irene (taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind, that Mr. Hankinson has got to say something now): "Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!"

First youth: "By jinks, Harry, what's the matter? Did Clara Vere de Vere refuse you?" Youth, sadly: "No, she accepted me." "Then what in creation are you looking so blue about?" "I spent so much money courting her that I haven't enough left to buy an engagement ring."

"Oh, by the way, Jobkins, I see you have a new lawn-mower. I was thinking that perhaps we might make some arrangement to go shares on it." "Well, about the only arrangement I should expect you to make is for me to pay for it, you to use it and let me know when it needs sharpening."

A French manufacturer of buckles made them all with one tongue. The women demanded two-tongue buckles or none, and, as he would not give in, the merchants imported them in such quantities that the manufacturer had to shut up shop and go to the wall. One tongue is not enough for any woman.

Physician: "You must take exercise, Mr. Hankinson! If you need is fresh air and exercise." Caller: "Oh, dear! He never will take exercise, and I know there is no use urging him to. What shall I do?" Physician: "Move a little way out of town. Get some house advertised as 'Five miles from the station.' Then he'll have to tramp about five miles twice a day or starve to death."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The July *St. Nicholas* has served reminders of Revolutionary days and the "Glorious Fourth." In "The Baby a Prisoner of War" Margaret Foster Owen relates the capture and return of a grandniece of Washington. Julia C. R. Dorr tells in verse of "The Armorer's Errand," a preliminary to the storming of Fort Ticonderoga. The sports of summer are prominent: Mrs. Pennell writes charmingly of "Cycling," Mr. Pennell furnishing the illustrations; F. W. Pangborn tells "How to Sail a Boat." H. W. Henshaw contributes a study of the commoner American hawks. A most natural and amusing little story is that by H. H. Ewing, describing "How Hugh Went to the Party." Besides the articles spoken of, there illustrated poems by Anna M. Pratt, Harriet Prescott Shofford, Oliver Herford, Margaret Johnson, Katharine Pyle and Mrs. Richards; continued stories and sketches, and the departments. The Century Co., New York.

The always interesting *Magazine of American History* opens its twenty-fourth volume with a brilliant July number. A fine portrait of Sir William Blackstone serves as a frontispiece; its pertinence is apparent to whomsoever reads the leading article, "The Golden Age of Colonial New York. Following this delightful chapter Roy Singleton writes briefly of "Sir William Blackstone and his work," the first volumes of which were already possessed by the principal lawyers of New York. "The Indian College at Cambridge," by Andrew McFarland Davis, follows with valuable information on a subject little known; "Burgoyne's Defeat and Surrender, an inquiry from an English Standpoint," by Percy Cross Standish, is vastly interesting; "A Curious and Important Discovery in Indiana," by Ex Lieutenant-Governor Robertson, gives a picturesque view of the links connecting the days of chivalry in France with those of adventure among the savage tribes of America: and then comes "President Lincoln's Humor," by David R. Locke. One of the most stirring and important papers in the number, however, is by the celebrated Boston divine, Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D. D., entitled, "Our Relation to the Past a Debt to the Future." 743 Broadway, New York.

FREAKS OF WOMEN.

WOMEN in all ages (and, it may be added, of all ages) have enjoyed a considerable reputation for eccentricity. When disposed to indulge in freaks, moreover, they do not stick at trifles, as members of the sterner sex are apt to do. Another peculiarity of the whims of women is that it is not easy to discover the motives for them.

Let us give a few examples by way of illustration:

Late in the seventeenth century, a sempstress stationed herself at a stall in one of the fashionable thoroughfares of London.

She was dressed in white, and wore a white mask, which completely concealed her features. Such a strange presence naturally attracted to herself a more profitable trade than any of her rivals.

Many ladies of fashion patronized her, and much speculation was indulged in as to the identity of the mysterious sempstress.

It was ultimately discovered, however, that she was the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the widow of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II. Having lost her estate, she resolved to adopt this means of supporting herself, and continued to do so until the fact came to the knowledge of her relatives, when they immediately made adequate provision for her and restored her to society.

The story is told of a lady of a respectable position who ordered her apparel in such a way that it never could be said of her that she wore a pair of anything. She wore stockings of different hues; and, in the same way, introduced strong contrasts into other portions of her daily wear. When asked to give a reason for her eccentricity, she could only say that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine eccentricity in connection with dress might be cited, but it would be difficult to instance anything more absurd than the craze in France some quarter of a century ago for using snakes and insects as toilet adornments.

The Princesse de la Tour D'Auvergne used to keep a little live snake in her pocket, and in spite of the entreaties of her husband and friends, would insist upon having it for a companion at public functions.

Madame Musard wore a small viper on her neck amidst her splendid diamonds, and as she appeared in her box at the opera, every glass in the house was levelled at her as she sat scintillating with diamonds and with the dark coil of the reptile's body setting off the whiteness of her neck.

Later on, the Comtesse de Villeneuve for several months wore on her neck a beautiful scarabaeus beetle. It was tethered to a ring by a very slender gold chain, which allowed the insect to run about on the lady's shoulder.

Sara Bernhardt, whose freaks have been quite too numerous to particularize, not long ago adopted a young tiger as a pet. One of her strangest whims, however, was her indulgence in the luxury of a coffin. It is related that one day while suffering from an attack of "the miserables," she laid herself down in this famous coffin, which is an elegant piece of cabinet work, made of black ebony and comfortably padded with white satin. She closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and requested a friend to play a "Miserere" on the organ. After this, she ordered a number of tapers to be lit, and sent for her bosom friend Louise Abbema, who was requested to assume the garb of a nun and to kneel beside the coffin as in prayer, whilst in the background Sara's servants were grouped: some praying; others in attitudes of despair. A photographer was then sent for to photograph the scene, which was so ghastly that when young Maurice, Sara's son, happened to enter unexpectedly he forthwith fell into a swoon.

A maiden lady named Beswick, living in the neighborhood of Manchester was haunted for years by the great horror of being buried alive, and this fear weighed upon her to such an extent that she made a will devising her estate to her medical adviser, Mr. Charles White and his children, on condition that the doctor paid her a visit every morning for twelve months after her decease.

When the lady died, the doctor had her embalmed and laid out in the attic of the old mansion in which she died, and the doctor took up his residence in the house. A short time afterwards, it became necessary for him to remove to Manchester, to a house erected by him in King Street, which stood on the site now occupied by the Town Hall. To this house the body of Miss Beswick was removed, and there it remained until Mr. White's death, when it was conveyed to the Lying-in Hospital, whence it was ultimately taken to the Manchester Museum of Natural History, the mummy being suspended in a case with a glass door.

Another maiden lady named Hannah Murton, living at Taunton, took to her coffin, like Sarah Bernhardt, while still in the enjoyment of good health. Hannah had made a vow never to be on terms of friendship with "any he fellow," and, under the impression that her resolution would be strengthened by contact with a coffin, she purchased one, and whenever she felt indisposed, immediately deposited herself in the melancholy receptable. The coffin, however, was not exclusively appropriated to the accommodation of her mortal remains, but served also as her wardrobe, and as a cupboard for her bread and cheese.

Many cases of women disguising themselves as men have come under notice from time to time, but perhaps the following is less generally known than some:

A woman, named Sarah E. Edmonds, prompted solely by patriotism, served two years in the Federal Army.

At the outbreak of the war she was living at Flint, Michigan. She assumed male attire, became a private in Company F of the Second Michigan Infantry, went to the front, was at the battle of Bull Run, served all through the campaign under General Pope, then with Burnside at Fredericksburg, and thence went with the regiment to Kentucky. There the young soldier was prostrated with chills and fever; a leave of absence was refused, and, fearful that her sex would be discovered, she left the army, and taking up her residence at Oberlin, Ohio, resumed her woman's garb. Though participating in over forty battles, large and small, she was never wounded. She married in 1867.

A young lady living in California, some little while ago, took it into her head that she would like to make horseshoes. It had long been a favorite pastime of hers to watch a neighboring blacksmith at work, and she at last asked to be allowed to try her hand upon one. Permission was granted, and she did so well that she continued the employment, and came to be largely patronized.

Specimens of her handiwork were subsequently exhibited at San Francisco, and the blacksmith who had taught her sent of the horseshoes as a present to Queen Victoria.

Margaret Fuller was addicted to freaks. She called herself "a living carbuncle." She said, "Carbuncles are of two kinds, male and female. The female casts out light; the male has light within itself. Mine is the male."

One Sunday night it was announced at the chapel she attended that the minister who had promised to preach had been seized with sudden illness and could not come. There being no substitute available, it was proposed that the service should consist simply of prayers and psalms. This was a great disappointment to the crowded congregation.

Margaret Fuller beckoned to the chief office bearer, and greatly startled him by offering to preach a sermon herself. The bewildered gentleman wonderingly acquiesced, and Margaret ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent oration: quite as suitable, however, to a temple of Jupiter Olympus as to a Christian Church

AN ABSENT MINDED PARENT.—The *Herald* has a story of a mother in New York who makes a practice of taking her baby shopping with her.

She has a coach for the infant and invariable leaves both outside the store whilst she is making her purchases. The other day she went alone to market, and, on coming out of the place, through force of habit she took hold of a coach that was standing on the pavement and walked off with it. When she had gone about twenty-five feet she discovered her error and turned back in the direction of the market, where the owner of the baby and carriage stood with open mouth and bulging eyeballs, dumfounded at the disappearance of the child.

But the two mothers smiled and nodded while explanations were being given and accepted.

The thoughts that ran through the minds of the two women as they widened the distance between them were something like this:

"How could I have mistaken that child for mine! It's nowhere near as pretty. How absent minded I am!"

The other: "Well, if she'd looked at the baby there would have been no mistake, for there isn't another such pretty baby in Harlem!"

"STEER THE HAPPY HELM."—So said Shakspeare, and the man who is born with a natural disposition to make the best of things has more reason to be thankful than he who is born to an ample fortune.

What a talismanic power he possesses! An eye for brightness—what a blessing it is! Some people's souls seem to have a strong affinity for whatever there is in the other world capable of ministering to joy.

They detect its presence by a special instinct; they extract it from the most unlikely objects. It may be ever so latent, but they will be sure to find it out. The first sensation stirred in them by overshadowing darkness is that there is some light left.

The first reflection which trouble begets in them is, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." One such individual in a household is a source of incalculable comfort to all the rest; for it certainly does one good to see a man make the best of things—it is like rest when you are weary, or cold water when you are thirsty.

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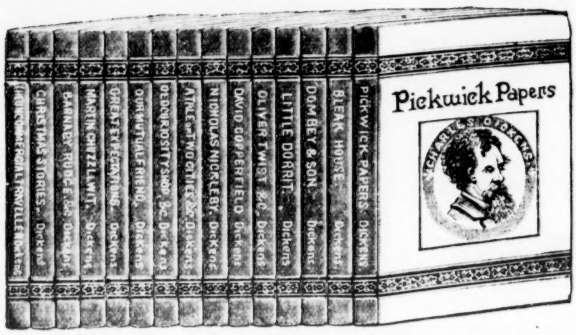

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

NO SHOW.

Joe Beal 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the grocery store, and throw
One leg right over 'tother leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show;
"Oh, no!" said Joe,
"Hain't had no show"—
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't git no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;
"Oh, no!" said Joe,
"Hain't had no show"—
And then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck—
Altho' I've got roun' patiently—
The fust larnation streak er luck,
"Oh, no!" said Joe,
"Hain't had no show"—
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regeler every day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way—;
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;
Yer too dern patient"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

When is a kiss like a rumor?—When it goes from mouth to mouth.

Everything depends on early training. A rope gets tight because that's the way it is taut.

There is nothing loud about the flannel shirt. On the contrary, it is modest and shrinking.

"I had a fearful dream last night. I dreamed I was riding along a lonely road"—

"What on—a nightmare?"

The widow—"How strange it is that we should meet thus after all these years." Her first admirer (despairingly)—Well, I did my best to prevent it."

Mrs. Fangle, in a horrified tone: "You don't mean to tell me that James McFeeters really struck his mother!"

Fangle: "Yes; struck her for ten dollars."

A newspaper, recording the fall of a person into the river, says: "It is a wonder he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply; "'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

Physician: "My friend, I fear that you have got water on the brain?"

Patient: "Water your reasons for thinking so?"

The physician fainted.

Professor: "Gentlemen will please close their books."

After a lapse of a few seconds, observing that his polite command had not been obeyed, he adds:

"Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."

Colored pastor, dismissing congregation: "De membahs what am pervided wid umbrellahs will please wait 'till I take a look at 'em. Slace de mysterious disappearance of my own umbrellah last Sunday, dar am a cloud ob suspicion floatin' over dis yer church which hab got to be dispelled!"

"Now, which of the great men of the past would you rather be, Robert?" asked the teacher, after a long and interesting talk on the celebrities of history.

"None of 'em," replied Robert, promptly.

"None of them! Why not?"

"'Cause they're all dead."

Jones and his wife were wandering among the cages in a menagerie.

"I say, Jones, dear, what on earth has that anaconda tied himself up into such an involved knot for?"

"Can't say, darling, unless there's something on his mind he wants to remember."

Veterinary surgeon, to his new assistant: "You must take this tube, Pat, fill it with the powder, insert it in the horse's mouth, and give a quick, sharp blow."

Vet., ten minutes later: "What's the trouble, Pat?"

Pat: "Troth, sor, the horse blowed first!"

Visitor: "What a beautiful library you have! I really envy you."

Retired butcher: "Yes; and just look at the binding of them books!"

Visitor: "I see—they are all bound in calf."

Retired butcher: "Just so; and I killed all them calves myself what furnished the leather."

Tramp, to partner: "Did the old man give you anythin', Bill?"

Partner: "No."

"What did you say to him?"

"I asked him if he couldn't help a poor man who was out o' work, and he said he could give me some work. Times seems to be gettin' wuss every day."

"Have you any particular object in view in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

Visiting friend: "You have a very pretty house."

Lady, who has just moved in: "Yes; but we are all in confusion, and it does take such a long time to get things settled."

Visiting friend: "Yes, a long time."

Lady: "Yes; but I hope we shall be all settled before you call again."

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"We are never without your medicines in our house. Have used them for 24 years." Mrs. SARAH J. JAMES, Ashland, Ky.

"I thank God and you for your READY RELIEF and PILLS, which have cured me completely of Influenza." W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.

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CHOLERA MORBUS,

It will in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Cholera Morbus, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all internal pains.

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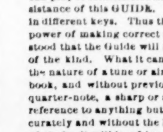

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle a tune—as say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble, although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—the number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

One of the fashions that is likely to be very prevalent during the coming season is that of panels, for some of the most beautiful of the new fabrics are specially made with the intention of being employed in this way, a wide figured band occupying the centre of the breadth, with narrow bands near each selvedge to serve as trimming for the corsage.

Many fabrics are made in this style, but the majority are either fine woollen diagonals or wool grenadines, these last chiefly in black. In designs and color the panelled fabrics vary considerably, but a very lovely specimen, typical of many others, is a biscuit colored diagonal with a centre band of mauve corded silk with a small lace-like figure in white, on which are thrown at intervals broche velvet flowers, in shades of mauve and violet; the band is bordered on each side with a lace broche pattern in light ecru silk; the narrow trimming for the corsage consists of a repetition of this lace pattern, headed by a band of mauve corded silk.

The grenadine panels have a similar wide band in the centre, the design being an imitation of a rich point lace pattern carried out in black cut and uncut velvet on a colored silk ground; the effect of this brocaded lace pattern on such a color as old rose is magnificent, and the narrow borders are a repetition in small of a similar design. Both these materials are made up with plain fabric to correspond, biscuit diagonal in one case, and plain black grenadine in the other.

Black and colored woollen canvas materials and silk gauzes are also fashionable in other patterns; a beautiful fabric is an imitation of Cluny Guipure in white, on a fleelle canvas woollen ground; black woollen grenadines are striped with a leaf design, carried out in tiny loops of green, red, yellow and pale blue silk, producing a chine effect, and divided by half inch wide stripes of colored silk; black silk gauzes are striped with broche satin bands, with birds or flowers in gaily colored silks at intervals; colored silk and wool etamines are charming in wide stripes alternated with broad bands of silk broche, or damasse patterns in the same shade; this is extremely pretty in verdigris green, with the etamine stripe in a light fancy pattern; a white woollen etamine of fine close make is striped with broad bands in lovely Pompadour stripes, carried out in silks of various shades; the delicacy of coloring and beauty of the design of the Pompadour stripes makes this an especially attractive fabric.

A very curious novelty is a cotton etamine in ivory white, with a pattern of closely woven ovals, outlined with cord and surrounded and separated from each other by a kind of loose net-work of the threads twisted and knotted together; this looks very well for plain dresses over silk to match.

There are several ways of using the panels first mentioned, but they are in nearly all cases placed on one side of the skirt, and generally appear under the slightly draped front and plain pleats of the back. A newer arrangement is to use the band as if it were a wide border, and to join it to the plain material of the back breadths, the outer edge of the panel, towards the front, is thus brought over the tablier, instead of being under it. The open corsage shows a draped plastron of silk, which may be chosen to match the ground color or that of the design, and is ornamented with a deep turned down collar and revers, edged with the narrow bordering; the high collar and waistband, this last seen in front only at the foot of the plastron, and a band down the outside of each sleeve and round the wrist, are all of the narrow bordering corresponding with the panel.

Lace and embroidery are employed for panels in the same way as woven fabrics and are accompanied by collarettes, ecquilles, and applications of embroidery as trimmings for the corsage and sleeves. Bows of ribbon, and rosettes of ribbon and silk are indispensable adjuncts to toilets partly consisting of lace or embroidery.

When the embroidery takes the form of the fashionable applications of velvet, ribbon velvet to match is employed for the sash and other ornaments. A charming costume of this kind is made of maize colored foulard, and applications of bronze velvet on the foulard.

The skirt of the plain silk is draped in front and mounted at the back with gatners, the style generally adopted now with all dresses. On the left side is a panel of the applique embroidery. The back of the corsage is of plain bronze velvet, with a point of embroidery in the centre, the sides are also of plain velvet; the left side of the front is of plain foulard, draped from the shoulder, and disappears under the right front applique embroidery which crosses it diagonally to the left hip. A velvet sash is folded round the waist and fastened on the left, the long fringed ends falling in front of the panel. The upper part of the sleeve is of plain foulard, puffed at the shoulder, the lower part is of applique embroidery, fitting tightly to the arm and rising above the elbow.

Another toilet intended for a young lady has the plain forreau skirt of plain peach blossom silk, bordered with a thick ruche of the same; over this is a full skirt of peach blossom voile bordered with a band of ribbon velvet in a darker shade, and draped a little on each side of the front by lifting the skirt at the waist. The short waisted bodice, with gathers at the waist, is of voile, with a deep collar and double coquille jabot of finely-pleated peach blossom surah; a folded waist-band of velvet is fastened under one arm. The sleeves, of voile are in a series of five graduated puffs drawn in with bands of velvet.

Ordinary silk embroidery, or even the more elaborate work in gold and silver thread and colored beads is no longer sufficient, many of the new embroideries are very original, and quite novel effects are often produced. Raised flowers of every description form the designs, together with their stalks and foliage, and they are so modelled and worked that they have the exact appearance of the natural flowers. Thus a toilette of corn-colored crepe de Chine is ornamented with tufts and garlands of Parma violets, made of silk and painted in imitation of the natural flowers.

Velvet orchids, outlined with fine chenille, are magnificent on a ground of pale pink or blue faille, more especially as every part of the flowers and their stalks and leaves are painted by hand with the most delicate finish. An exceedingly effective toilette is of sky-blue satin, with an elaborate design worked in jet, and long sprays of convolvulus are made of sky-blue crepe modeled in the exact shape of the flower and fixed on the material.

These embroidered robes are exceedingly rich and new, and are made in many different ways, the embroidery being employed as a border, panels, tablier, or in some other way as the taste of the courturiere may dictate.

Black lace appliques are also in great favour; the separate patterns of the lace, generally large flowers or sprays, are cut clear of the net ground, and appliqued at intervals over the skirt; the corsage and sleeves are ornamented in the same way, and, if any ribbon trimmings are needed, they are black like the lace. The ground is either voile or silk, and as a rule some shade of red is preferred; for evening wear, sky-blue is novel and pretty with black lace appliques and jet ornaments.

A few evening dresses are made with low bodices and long sleeves, the sleeves in some rare instances being so long that they reach nearly to the knuckles, where they spread out a little; the upper part is puffed, but from the elbow to the wrist they fit the arm closely; the fashion is not pretty, and is not very likely to become general.

Velvet sleeves are adopted with dresses, redingotes, and jackets of all kinds; the sleeves are cut with one seam only, the lining being the only part that has a seam at the back; the upper part is draped or puffed on the lining and much raised at the shoulder, a seam would be so disfiguring amongst the folds of the drapery, that a bias cut seamless sleeve is imperative. Shaped linings also extend to the seamless bodices that are cut on the cross, closely modelled on the figure and fastened under the arm on one side.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT CHINA AND GLASS.

Nothing spoils the look of a dinner table more than ill kept china and glass. Who would fancy the most delicate prepared dish eaten off a plate covered with smudges or scratches? As a man is known by his works, so is a good parlor maid known by the state in which she keeps her glass and china. A parlor maid who will lay the table with smudgey glass and spotted china cannot be a good servant, and the sooner she is told to go, the better for the comfort of the household. The china should be kept bright and spotless; the glass perfectly clear and shining.

This is not as easy as it appears at first sight, and many a good servant is defective in this one point, often through want of teaching. A few good hints would soon set her right, but her mistress will find it impossible to give these if she herself is in complete ignorance as to how it is done.

In the first place, the china pantry must be a perfectly dry room, otherwise the china and glass will always be more or less cloudy, and will want constant attention. The walls should be fitted with broad wooden shelves, on the bottom of which the china and glass which are in constant use should be arranged in sets, those that are not often used being placed out of the way on the higher shelves. The vessels should be so arranged, that each particular article may be got at without having to move everything else, as constant handling is not calculated to improve the bright surface of glass or china. The under shelf should be fitted with a drawer or drawers, in which to keep the cloths, leathers, brushes, etc., used in the cleaning process.

Having arranged our china pantry, we will now turn to the cleaning of the articles it contains. China and glass cannot be washed together; we will therefore begin with the china, dealing first with plates and dishes.

Different sorts of china require different sorts of cleaning, some kinds needing more attention than others, either because they are more fragile, or because they loose their gloss and colors more easily than others. The red on old china fades quicker than other colors, as it has in most cases been laid on after burning. The Chinese often paint their china with a red dye extracted from scarlet cloth, which is not at all durable.

For the washing, two wooden bowls, one with warm, the other with cold water should be used. The parlor maid is far more liable to have breakages if she uses an earthenware bowl, for if she be not very careful, the china will hit against the side of the bowl. For the same reason she must take care not to put too many things into the bowl at once.

The china must first be cleansed from grease by being carefully wiped with a cloth in the bowl containing the warm water, in which a little soda has been dissolved; not much of this latter article must be use, as it makes the china brittle, and softens the glaze. When the plates, etc., perfectly cleansed from grease, they should be plunged in the cold water to make them bright, then placed upon the rack to dry. For wiping over plates and dishes, a glass cloth must be used, and kept for this use only. It is well to mark cloths "glass" or "tea" as the case may be, so that no mistake need be made, not even by a badly trained servant. Some servants seem to delight in using one cloth for all purposes, but this habit is very slovenly, and never to be tolerated.

China ornaments and flower vases are also washed in warm and cold water, but, as they are not greasy, no soap is required. If they have not been washed for some time, and are become dirty, white soap is a very good thing to use. A soft nail brush is a very useful to clean ornaments decorated with raised flowers or figures, as one can clean more thoroughly in between the raised parts.

Glass requires a good deal more care than china. The best material to use in cleaning it is fuller's earth. This must be reduced to a very fine powder, entirely freed from any rough or hard bits which might damage the polished surface of the glass. The earth is put into the vessel to be washed; warm water is poured upon it.

After it has been well shaken, it is emptied out, cold water being put to take its place. This is a good thing to use for decanters and carafes, both of which are difficult to clean. Another good method for cleaning them, is, after having filled them about two-thirds with warm water (not hot) to put in several soaped pieces of brown or blotting paper, shake the decanters well, then leave them for an hour or so.

Empty out the soapy water, rinse several times with clean cold water, and invert them in a rack to dry; when dry, polish the outsides with a leather. The great secret by which to keep glass clear and bright is to use plenty of cold water for rinsings, and always polish with a leather, not with a cloth. Another plan for cleaning decanters is to use finely powdered charcoal instead of soaped paper. If the insides of the decanters are covered with crusts from wine, a little muriatic acid should be added to the water, which should be left several hours standing in the decanters. For cleaning long necked decanters, a long handled bottle brush must be kept.

Tumblers and wineglasses should be washed in a wooden bowl in warm water, then rinsed in cold water, wipe with a clean cloth, and polish with a leather. Never use water in which anything greasy has been washed.

Confidential Correspondents.

MARK ANTONY.—The letters S P Q R are for "senatus populusque Romanus"—"the senate and the people of Rome"—and used to be inscribed on the standards of the Roman army.

A. F. K.—The Seine, which traverses Paris from east to west for a length of seven miles, is crossed within the limits of the city by twenty-seven bridges of various kinds. Eight have been constructed since 1852.

RUST.—You can prevent your bright grates and fireirons from rusting by means of a strong paste of fresh lime and water smeared as thickly as possible over all the polished surface requiring preservation. A fine brush should be used for this purpose.

ASTEMIOUS.—The consumption of beer in earlier times was proportionately much greater than nowadays. The chief reason of this was because our forefathers hadn't the inexpensive beverages, like tea and coffee, that we enjoy, and many people used to have to take beer with every meal.

ADMIRAL.—The edges of books are gilt with gold leaf, after being prepared for its reception with a composition of four parts of Armenian bole and one of sugarcandy. The edges are afterwards burnished. This is done with a steel burnisher, but on no account commence burnishing till the gilding is quite dry.

FLOWERS.—Freshly-cut flowers may be preserved alive for a long time by placing them in a glass with fresh water, in which a little charcoal has been steeped, or a small piece of camphor dissolved. The glass should be set upon a plate and covered with a bell glass, around the edges of which, when it comes in contact with the plate, a little water should be pured to exclude the air.

STUDENT.—The origin of the saying, "Grinning like a Cheshire cat," is very obscure. It is stated by one authority that Cheshire cheeses, moulded into the shape of cats as was formerly done, originated the expression "Cheshire cats." Another is that the attempts of a local sign painter to represent a lion rampant on the sign-boards of the country inns gave rise to the saying.

WANTS.—You will find that the easiest manner of cleaning oily or greasy bottles is to pour into them a little strong sulphuric acid, after they have been allowed to drain as much as possible. The bottle is then corked, and the acid caused to flow into every portion of it for about five minutes or so. It is then washed with repeated rinsings of cold water. All traces of oil or grease left will be removed in a very expeditious manner, and no odor whatever will be left in the bottle after washing.

SUBSCRIBER.—You must try to exercise your self-control to the utmost to check the feelings of depression which trouble you. If you give way to them, you will certainly get worse, and no drugs will cure "a mind diseased." If you could get a holiday, and have a thorough change, into the country if possible, it would do much to take your mind off yourself. It is very likely that in a few years time those feelings will pass off. You should live as well as you can, and fresh air and exercise are to be recommended for you.

VERNON.—You probably require two things for your eyes. Firstly, rest for a short time, as you seem to have been overworking them; and, secondly, appropriate glasses. You may not have much the matter, but a very slight degree of defect of the accommodative powers of the eye may be followed by very unpleasant feelings. Go to a good optician, and get him to test your visual powers, and to advise you what spectacles to adopt for your work. Bathe the eyes several times with cold water every day.

FUR.—To cleanse furs from grease, the skins should be steeped in liquid containing bran, alum, and salt, and well scoured in the same, and then with an application of soda and soap; lastly, they should be washed in clear water and dried. For the ordinary cleaning of furs already dressed, powdered white French chalk mixed with a little bran, well rubbed on the fur backwards and forwards with a clean flannel, is a good method. Light furs may be rubbed with magnesia, after a good scouring with bran made moist with warm water.

L. O. M.—Some form of the knife has been used for many centuries, but forks were introduced into England in the sixteenth century. The custom of using them came from Italy. Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to use a fork. Her nobles and people thought it a piece of great affectation on her part, and the example was only very slowly followed. Forks, however, came slowly into use, though even as late as the reign of George I. they were so little known that few inns provided them for their guests, and it was customary in travelling to carry a portable knife and fork.

LEIGH H.—Practice makes perfect in talking conversationally as well as everything else. You say you are not a girl destitute of ideas, and are fond of reading, not novels, but deeper books. This is a good foundation to go on, and if you were to read up on the topics of the day, that would certainly aid your conversational powers. Probably, as it is more especially when with one person that you feel your deficiency, and that one with whom you particularly wish to stand well, bashfulness may have something to do with your seeming stupidity. If so you must try to forget self.

C. W. S. T.—The word "Handicap" stands for hand in cap, from the drawing of lots out of a hat or cap. It was the name of a game at cards played during the Stuart period, which is said to have been not unlike loo, with this difference, the winner of one trick had to put a double stake into the pool, the winner of two tricks a triple stake, and so on. Thus in racing, so that competitors might have an equal chance of success, it was found necessary to penalise previous winners; and the name of the old card game came to be applied to this equalizing. As used in the sentence given by you it means "impeded."

W. G.—At the beginning of the century the word "dun"—now too familiar to many—was unknown as a verb. About that time, an individual, named John Dun, became celebrated as a first-class collector of bad accounts. When others failed to collect a bad debt, Dun would be sure to get it out of the debtor. So well known did this become that people from the surrounding country sent him their accounts when they could not collect them. It soon passed into a current phrase that when a person owed money and did not pay when asked he would have to be "Dunned." Hence it became common in such cases to say, "You will have to Dun so-and-so if you wish to collect your money."